

THE ~~K~~KNG AND QUEEN IN INDIA.



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HER IMPERIAL MAJESTY THE QUEEN EMPRESS.

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# THE KING AND QUEEN IN INDIA.

A Record of the Visit of Their Imperial Majesties  
the King Emperor and Queen Empress to  
India, from December 2nd, 1911,  
to January 10th, 1912

BY

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DEDICATED  
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TO  
THEIR IMPERIAL MAJESTIES  
THE KING EMPEROR AND QUEEN EMPRESS



## PREFACE

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**T**HIS book is, in the main, a reproduction of the articles which appeared in the "Times of India" describing the landing of Their Imperial Majesties the King Emperor and Queen Empress in Bombay, the ceremonies at Delhi and the visit to Calcutta. They were written at the end of the telegraph wire and have been reproduced, with no more than the necessary corrections, as they were originally published, in the hope that the reflection of the impressions of the hour may be some compensation for the crudities inevitable in such circumstances.

His Majesty's shooting excursion in Nepal and Her Majesty's tour in Rajputana were private. The chapter recording them has been compiled from various sources.

I am indebted to my colleague, Mr. S. T. Sheppard, for much valuable assistance. He wrote a considerable part of the two Bombay chapters, as well as the description of the unveiling of the King Edward Memorial, the Tattoo, the Review of the Police, and the Departure from Delhi, besides aiding me in many other ways

STANLEY REED.





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## CHAPTER I.

### *India and the Crown.*

THE VISIT ANNOUNCED—THE KING'S OWN SUGGESTION—THE CROWN AND THE EMPIRE—QUEEN VICTORIA'S INFLUENCE—CONTINUITY IN THE ROYAL HOUSE—OBSTACLES TO THE VISIT—DIFFICULTIES OVERCOME BY THE KING'S TENACITY—IMPROVEMENT IN INDIAN CONDITIONS—THE RIGHT NOTE STRUCK PREPARATIONS COMMENCED—SELECTION OF DELHI—AMPLE FUNDS PROVIDED—DURBAR COMMITTEE APPOINTED.



FROM the moment when, on November 16, 1910, it was officially stated that His Imperial Majesty the King Emperor, accompanied by the Queen Empress, had decided to visit India, to announce in person his coronation to his Indian people, speculation became rife as to the origin of this decision. Exact knowledge must necessarily be deferred till the day when the publication of letters and despatches gives the world the same insight into the reign of King George that it possesses of the Victorian period, but meantime there is every reason for concluding that the idea emanated from His Majesty himself.

We are gradually beginning to appreciate the invisible but unbreakable link which binds India to the Royal House of England. India learnt with intense gratitude, and has never forgotten, the great part Queen Victoria had in the substance and form of the Proclamation of 1858, which was as balm in the wounds of the Mutiny, and cherishes to-day those passages in her letters which record how she bade Lord Derby re-write the Proclamation in his "excellent language" and give due prominence to her personal regard for the enlightened principles of toleration and conciliation. The presence of Queen Victoria in India was ardently desired, but it was impracticable, both by reason of the age of the Sovereign and the difficulties of travel in her day. To those who recall the extraordinary veneration in which her name was held, and the degree to which even to-day

she is regarded as the embodiment of the benignity of British rule, the inability of Queen Victoria to visit India must always be ranked amongst the lost possibilities of Asia. But although few of her Asiatic subjects ever gazed upon her face, Queen Victoria stood in closer personal relation with her Indian people than any monarch of their own race, and they followed, with full appreciation of their true significance, those steps whereby she made the Crown the bond of Empire—the assumption of the title of Empress of India in 1877, and the Jubilees of 1887 and 1897. Still we have always to remember that in the East it is the things below the surface which count, and it was not until the news of Queen Victoria's death that people began to realise what she, and the sceptre she swayed, meant in the governance of India. The veil of mourning which was drawn over these three hundred millions of people, the immense crowds which silently worshipped wherever a statue reproduced her lineaments and figure, brought home to all the tremendous importance of the Crown in the web of Empire.

Since those days, we have learnt to recognise the essential continuity of principle in the policy of the Royal House, especially in its relations with India. It is an open secret that Lord Curzon cherished the hope that King Edward would hold the Delhi Coronation Durbar of 1903 in person, and that His late Majesty would have acceded, had he not been deterred by the timidity of his ministers. Although for these reasons King Edward was debarred from repeating his visit to India, and then his untimely illness dissipated the hope that he could ever return to this land, one of his first acts of sovereignty was to send his eldest son to India, to gain that personal knowledge of the country and the people and their aspirations which he had found so valuable. The facilities for travel, which have developed in a remarkable degree, enabled the Prince and Princess of Wales to come into intimate contact with almost every phase of the infinite variety of Indian scenery and society. Landing in Bombay, the seaward gate of India, owing its rise entirely to the trading genius of Englishmen and the tolerance and freedom they brought, they passed through Central India and the romantic land of Rajasthan to the northernmost confines of Empire, where they looked out towards the snows of Afghanistan, and in the grim Khyber Pass received tribute of sheep and honey from the wild tribesmen of the Borderland. Then after passing Christmas with the Maharajah Scindia, they halted at Lucknow on their way to Calcutta, where for the moment faction was hushed, crossed the Bay of Bengal to spend a joyous week in Burma; and returned to Madras as the starting point for a tour in Southern India which embraced Mysore and Hyderabad. The closing



*Johnston and Hoffman*

HIS EXCELLENCY THE VICEROY, LORD HARDINGE.

stages of the tour brought the Prince and Princess to Aligarh, where a great college, shortly to be raised to the status of a University, is reconciling Mahomedans to higher education on Western lines ; to Quetta, which, perched amid the stormy desolation of Baluchistan, guards the extreme north-west gate ; and to Karachi, yet another of the great seaports created out of nothing in order to satisfy the trade which has developed under the security of British rule. This prolonged and laborious tour brought home to everyone associated with the governance of India the incalculable influence of the Crown in strengthening the bonds which unite England and India, a knowledge which was quickened when, recounting his experiences at a civic luncheon at the Guildhall on his return, the Prince of Wales struck a note which found a ready response by pleading for more sympathy in our administrative methods. It also inspired in the Prince and Princess an ardent desire to revisit the land where they had passed these happy months. Those who stood on the quayside at Karachi when H. M. S. "Renown" cast off her moorings and steamed into the incarnadined sunset, saw that the eyes of the Princess of Wales were filled with tears : They heard afterwards that when her Staff attempted to console her she replied "It is easy for you to say these things. You can return to these wonderful scenes : we never shall."

For these public and personal reasons we have every right to assume that the idea of the Royal visit was born of His Majesty's brain. Having come to this determination, he adhered to it with a quiet tenacity which wore down all obstacles. The conditions were such as would have daunted a lesser man. The Cabinet were apathetic. They feared the effects of a prolonged absence of the King from his capital ; they feared no less the decisions which might be reached on the spot by the Sovereign accompanied by his Secretary of State for India. Filled with a meticulous regard for constitutional abstractions, they could not see the wisdom of brushing them aside for once in order to discharge a high Imperial mission. Even in India itself, the fates seemed unpropitious. Although there was never any reason to doubt the loyalty of the great mass of the people, yet anarchical outbreaks were sporadic, and there were grave doubts as to the wisdom of exposing the King to the possibility of attack. Even the elements seemed to conspire against the visit. Over that large part of India dependent on the south-west winds which bring the rain-bearing clouds, the season was most erratic, and the fitful and ill-distributed rainfall at one time threatened widespread scarcity, if not famine. But amidst the most discouraging surroundings, the King held steadily to his purpose, and in this he was supported by the weight of informed Indian opinion, which realised that if the visit were postponed it would never be paid,

and maintained that the Durbar should in any circumstances be held, even though the failure of the harvest might make some reduction of the ceremonial desirable, and demand a note of simplicity rather than of splendour. In the end wisdom was justified of her children. The anarchical movement died down, and there came the assurance that no overt act against the person of the Sovereign was probable. The late rains saved the agricultural situation, and although over a small area the lack of fodder made provision for the saving of cattle necessary, an excellent winter harvest compensated for the comparative failure of the south-west monsoon. In Delhi itself, which at one time was in the centre of the dry zone, a torrential downpour in September so improved the agricultural position that the winter harvest was the finest known for a generation.

It is necessary to appreciate these circumstances correctly to understand the spirit in which India prepared to greet the King Emperor and Queen Empress. Early in the stage of preparation the right note was struck by the veteran Indian publicist, the Hon. Sir Pherozshah Mehta. In a speech at the Bombay Town Hall he reminded his countrymen that this would not be a mere Royal visit of kindly interest and sympathy and mutual knowledge, such as those we have been favoured with in the past. "It will be an historic event of deeper significance and import than a pageant or a Royal visit, this unprecedented advent of our gracious Sovereign to announce in his own person his accession to the throne of the British Empire. It will be nothing less than an emphatic announcement that we are an equal and integral part of the British Empire, it will be a fervent and solemn and deliberate assurance that his watchful eye will be always upon us, on our weal and our woe, that his unceasing interest and sympathy will cover and envelop the development of our destinies and will be a stimulus and example to all concerned in the administration of the country. It will be tidings of great joy for the present : of glowing hope for the future. It will indeed be the perfect and practical fulfilment of the noble words— as wise as generous— uttered by that great and good Queen when she assumed the direct sovereignty of the Indian Empire in the great Proclamation of 1858 :—' We hold ourselves bound to the natives of our Indian Territories by the same obligations of duty which bind us to all our other subjects ; and these obligations, by the blessing of Almighty God, we shall faithfully and conscientiously fulfil.' It is no wonder then, that the whole country is preparing to hail the advent of Their Majesties with unbounded joy, enthusiasm and loyalty."



HER EXCELLENCY LADY HARDINGE



These wise words found a responsive echo throughout the land. They coloured the preparations for the Royal visit with a high Imperial purpose. Indian pride was also touched by the circumstance that when, for the first time since Richard Coeur de Lion set sail on his chivalrous mission to the Holy Land, an English Sovereign left his kingdom for distant shores, it was to India that he turned. The vast and ever-increasing improvements in the means of communication between the Mother Country and the remotest confines of the Empire make it certain that all future British Sovereigns will ascend the Imperial Throne with an intimate personal knowledge of the Empire over which they rule. Also that they will be able to announce in person their coronation, not only to India but to many of their great Oversea Dominions, Canada and South Africa certainly, even if Australasia is too remote. It is confidently hoped that the King and Queen may be yet seen in the capitals of the Dominion of Canada and the South African Confederation. But India stood first, and India, which feels that when we talk of Empire, we do not always appreciate her importance, was proportionately gratified. As one Indian newspaper shrewdly put it, "When it comes to participating in the glory of the Empire, Englishmen are apt to leave us out in the cold." And who can say this feeling is unwarranted, when at Imperial Conferences India is never directly represented, and when in pursuit of their racial and economic interests the Dominions take measures to exclude undesirable immigrants—a policy which in principle is not attacked—they ignore Indian sentiment? It was felt that His Majesty had conspicuously recognised the position of India, and had adapted the most effective means of asserting its foremost place in his thoughts.

This was the spirit in which India made ready to receive the King. There was a momentary discussion as to the fitting theatre for the scene of the Imperial Durbar. Calcutta put in a word for herself, but it was a forlorn hope. Great as is the commercial city which has arisen on the muddy banks of the Hughli, marked out by Job Charnock with the prescience which belongs to genius, and splendid as is the mighty capital which the enterprise of Englishmen has raised on this unpromising foreshore, there is only one Imperial city in India and that is Delhi. It has been foremost in Indian history since the earliest period of the Aryan colonisation of India. It was the capital of successive dynasties, each one of which embellished it with imperishable architectural monuments, until the last of the Moghuls passed into obscurity half a century ago; in the neighbourhood have been fought the most decisive battles in the annals of Hindustan, and every foot of the city and its environs is historic ground. Even Calcutta was forced to



H M S MEDINA LEAVING PORTSMOUTH

*Cribb, Southern*

acquiesce in the logic of events, and to agree that there was no real competitor with Delhi. The Government of India made adequate provision out of the handsome budget surpluses of 1911 for the celebration of the Durbar on a fitting scale, setting aside six hundred thousand pounds for the Durbar and the great gathering of the various Governments it entailed, and another three hundred thousand pounds for the concentration of eighty thousand troops and prolonged manœuvres which would assist to train the Indian Army for combined operations on a grand scale.\* Large as the sum was, none in India questioned the importance of making proper provision for the reception of the Monarch : that was a graceless task reserved for a few who would, neither directly nor indirectly, bear a farthing of the burden. It was moreover provided out of abundant surpluses, and in a year when there were no additions to a light burden of taxation and large special grants were made for education and sanitation. Then casting round the ranks of the Civil Service for one who might be placed in general control of the Durbar arrangements, the Viceroy decided upon Sir John Hewett, the Lieutenant-Governor of the United Provinces, who had established his reputation as a brilliant administrator with both courage and imagination. With him was associated a Durbar Committee with four of the most progressive Indian Princes, the Maharajas of Gwalior, Bikanir and Idar, and the Nawab of Ranpur, and a band of capable officials, each an expert in his own department. They had not only to prepare for the State pageants, but for the accommodation of a city of at least a quarter of a million souls at a centre where the ordinary provision is so scanty that the unexpected arrival of fifty visitors would throw the railways and hoteliers into confusion. With this machinery the task of preparation went so smoothly forward that it was almost forgotten until the actual arrival of the King and Queen revealed the great work that had been accomplished.

\* The actual expenditure was £ 560,000 (including the acquisition of the regalia for India) and £ 207,000 or a total of £ 767,000.



## CHAPTER II.

### *The Voyage*

THE DEPARTURE FROM LONDON—A WET NOVEMBER DAY—INTEREST OF THE POPULACE  
THE SCENE AT PORTSMOUTH—SPED BY THE BRITISH NAVY.—THE ROYAL YACHT  
ARRIVAL AT PORT SAID.—RECEPTION BY THE KHEDIVE AND THE SULTAN'S SON—  
ADEN, AN OUTPOST OF EMPIRE—AN AMAZING MIXTURE OF RACES AND CREEDS—  
RE-INTRODUCTION TO THE REAL EAST—HIS MAJESTY'S CORDIAL SPEECH—A GRACEFUL  
INCIDENT—DEPARTURE FOR BOMBAY.



IT was a typical November day when, on the eleventh, the King Emperor and the Queen Empress left the metropolis on their Eastern voyage. A heavy mist hung over sea and land, the air was chill, and sharp rain squalls whipped the patient crowds who gathered in London and at Portsmouth. Perhaps it was meet that the characteristics of an English winter should have enwrapped Their Imperial Majesties when they set out for the land of well-nigh perpetual sunshine, where the unvarying regularity of the weather makes the Englishman abroad sigh for the variety and chiaroscuro of his northern home. The arrangements for the departure were marked by the dignified simplicity which so often distinguishes the movements of the English Royal Family. This was the first time since the twelfth century when the English Sovereign had set out for distant lands, yet there was little of the pageantry of State. The King and Queen drove from Buckingham Palace to Victoria Station in an open landau drawn by four bays ridden by postillions, attended by a travelling escort of the Royal Horse Guards (Blue). They followed the longer route *via* Constitution Hill, Grosvenor Place and Grosvenor Gardens, so that the people who desired to bid them farewell might more conveniently assemble. No military kept the road, which was guarded only by police at wide intervals; the assembly of large crowds at every point, with no pageantry to attract them, in such

depressing weather, was eloquent of the degree to which the visit to India had captured the imagination of English men and women of every rank. At Victoria Station there was a great gathering of members of the Royal Family, Ministers and the Diplomatic Corps. Here the official farewells were bidden.

The mist was not confined to London. It veiled the beauties of the countryside, so characteristic of the exquisite garden trimness of the south of England, it hung over Portsmouth Harbour and blotted out the opposite shore. Just before the Royal train steamed slowly to the Dockyard Jetty,

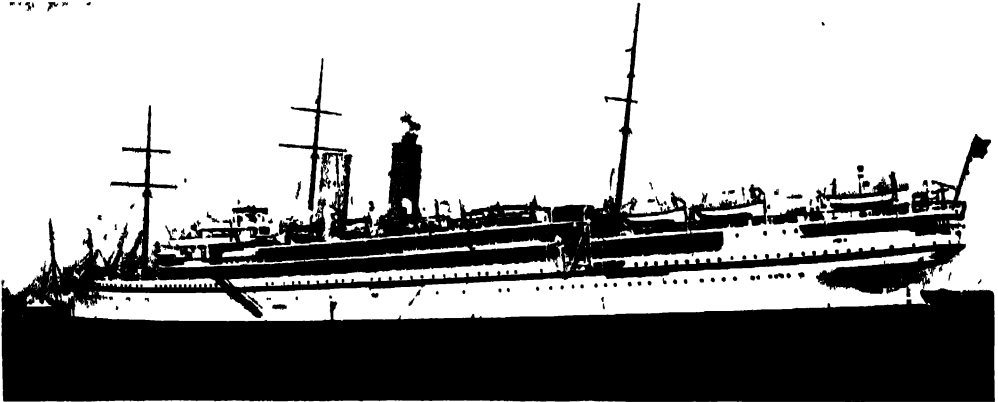


LEAVING BUCKINGHAM PALACE FOR INDIA

*Sport and Co.*

alongside which lay H.M.S. Medina, which was to bear Their Imperial Majesties to India, a light breeze sprang up, clearing away the lower strata of fog, so that the King and Queen were seen to embark before the vessels of the fleet, led by Nelson's flagship, the Victory, boomed out a thunderous Royal salute. There yet remained an hour or two of waiting before the Medina cast off her moorings and commenced her eastern voyage. Their Majesties entertained in the interval a small party at luncheon, including Queen Alexandra, the Queen of Norway, the Prince of Wales, the Princess Mary, the Princess Victoria and Prince Arthur of Connaught. Meantime thousands of men and women and children lined upon Southsea

Beach, determined to see the last of the Royal ship. As each rain squall struck them they disappeared beneath a forest of umbrellas ; but none stirred from his post. It was three o'clock when the first gun from the Victory announced that the Medina was under way. First in the naval procession came the Trinity Yacht Irene. Soon the twin yellow funnels of the Medina were seen against the sky, with her flags stiff in the strengthening gale -the Admiralty flag at the fore, the Royal Standard at the main, the Union Jack at the mizzen. Then the ship herself emerged, gleaming white on the dull green sea, moving silently through the rain, with the Enchantress in her wake and the patrol boats on her bow and quarter. There was a tense moment for the onlookers as a large vessel, which was lying moored in a position parallel to her course, swung suddenly with the set of the tide and came across the



*Spout and General.*

H. M. S. MEDINA, WHICH BORE THEIR MAJESTIES TO INDIA.

Medina's bows. Many looked for an accident, but the obstacle was avoided. The escorting cruisers, the Cochrane and Argyll (Starboard Division) and Defence and Natal (Port Division) which had been waiting far out, abreast of the Clarence Pier and Nelson's anchor, took station, and the Medina and her stately escort sank into the leaden sky. At the Nab lightship she passed through the lines of the First Battleship squadron of the Home Fleet and the First Cruiser squadron, which with the First Destroyer Flotilla accompanied her down the Channel to Portland. Fittingly the King was sped to his Eastern Dominions by emblems of the sea power through which they were won and by which they are held.

By a happy chance the great ship which bore the King and Queen to the East was named after a city revered by Moslems in every part of



*Ernest Brooks.*

ON BOARD THE MEDINA AT PORT SAID.

Sir Reginald Wingate, Prince Mohammed Ali Pashi, Duke of Teck, Prince Zia-ed-Din, the Khedive, H. M. the King, Lord Kitchener, H. M. the Queen, Kiamil Pasha.

the world. Medina ranks only after Mecca in the religion of Moslems, of whom there are over sixty millions in India alone, and although the choice was fortuitous, it gave great satisfaction to His Majesty's brave and loyal Mahomedan subjects. It was no chance however which led to the selection of a vessel from the fleet of the Peninsula & Oriental Company. For the "P. & O.," as it is familiarly known in Eastern waters, has grown up with the consolidation of British rule in India and British commerce in Asia.



THE ESCORT AS SEEN FROM THE MEDINA.

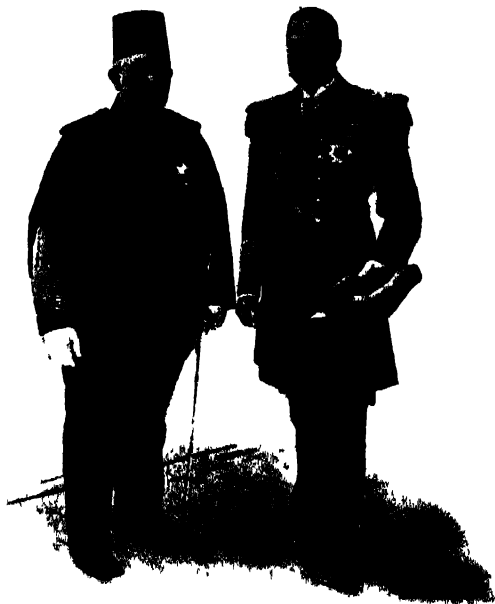
*Ernest Brooks.*

Its steamers began to carry the mails between London and Gibraltar in 1837, and it despatched the first steamer to India round the Cape five years later. For half a century it was actively associated with the overland route to the East—a name which still lingers, although the only real overland part of the journey was the hundred miles across the desert from Cairo to Suez—and to-day, the wealthiest shipping corporation in the world, its black-funnelled leviathans are seen in every Eastern port from London to Calcutta, and from Colombo to Shanghai and Sydney. Two new liners,



the largest capable of navigating the Suez Canal, were completing when the Durbar was announced : one, the Medina, was chartered for the accommodation of the King and Queen and their suite : the sister ship, the Maloja, was commissioned for the transport of special Durbar guests. When the Medina was taken over temporarily by the Royal Navy, she was the handsomest yacht afloat. Duplicate suites of apartments for Their Majesties were provided, one forward and the other aft. Painted white, with a ribbon of Royal blue, she rode the water like a thing of life : her great displacement—13,000 tons—secured steadiness on a voyage which, although free from the terrors of the North Atlantic, sometimes means dirty weather in the Bay and in the Mediterranean, her speed of nineteen knots provided an ample margin over the sixteen average for the voyage, and her graceful sheer and compact model made her a king's ship indeed.

Although the Medina anchored at Gibraltar, His Majesty did not land, and first real break in the voyage was at Port Said. Every eastern traveller welcomes the sight of this quaint array of flat-roofed houses, clinging to the edge of the desert at the northern entrance to the Suez Canal. To the tyro it is his first glimpse of the East : the clamour of boatman and donkey-boy, the swagger of the "Gippies," the squatting Arabs—why are not European children taught to sit on their heels? and the raucous cry of the picturesque water-carrier, teach him to realise that he is in lands of which his early reading of the Bible gave him the first idea. To the homeward bound, on retirement or on furlough, it is his last : when the statue of De Lesseps is seen over the stern of the steamer, he can see in imagination the white cliffs of Dover. Behind these shops and offices a good deal of rascality, no doubt, exists to-day, but the town has been purged of the iniquities which once disgraced it, and is developing some social life, even a *plage*. The scene on November 20th, when the Medina arrived, carried



Ernest Brooks.

THE KING AND THE KHEDIVE.

the memory back to the day when the Canal was opened. Here came the Khedive of Egypt, with his brother, Prince Mohammed Ali. The Sultan sent his son, Prince Zia-ed-Din, on a special mission of greeting. Lord Kitchener, the British Agent and Consul-General, arrived from Cairo, with General Sir John Maxwell, commanding the British forces in Egypt, and Sir Reginald Wingate, the Sirdar. Masses of spectators crowded the breakwater which thrusts its long arm into the Mediterranean and cheered the Medina as she arrived about six o'clock and anchored off the Suez Canal Residency, where Lord Kitchener was staying. It was too late for any



DRIVING THROUGH ADEN.

*Ernest Brooks.*

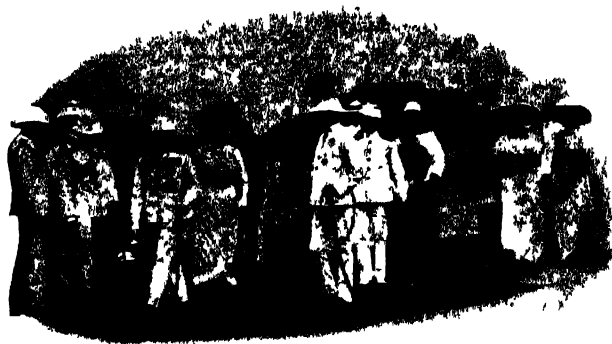
official visits beyond the reception of Lord Kitchener. But in the morning, when the weather was perfect, His Majesty received the Khedive and Prince Zia-ed-Din who presented an autograph letter in which the Turkish Ruler said his son was "charged to present my salutations and good wishes to Your Majesty as a token of my heartfelt friendship and of the sentiments I entertain for Your Majesty and for England's greatness." To this the King replied in cordial terms, trusting "that the good and friendly relations between our two countries may ever endure." Subsequently the King received Kiamil Pasha, the late Grand Vizier of Turkey, and toward

noon visited the Khedive on board his yacht *Mahroussa*, and accompanied him to the shore in a barge which flew the Royal standard alongside the Khedival standard at the bow, His Majesty being received with great enthusiasm by the crowds. A display of fireworks and the illumination of the public buildings brought to a close a visit which left none but happy memories. The passage of the Canal and the Red Sea was uneventful, but for a mark of the courtesy of the Sultan. On account of the war with Italy all the lights in the Red Sea had been extinguished: by the Sultan's order they were relighted for the Medina's voyage.

Full many a waste I've wandered o'er,  
 Clomb many a crag, crossed many a shore;  
 But, by my halidome,  
 A scene so rude, so wild as this,  
 Yet so sublime in barrenness,  
 Ne'er did my wand'ring footsteps press  
 Where'er I chanced to roam.

To the ordinary traveller these lines convey a striking description of the peninsula of Aden, aptly called the "Gibraltar of the East," the advance guard of the British Empire of India. Aden is of historical interest, as it was the first addition to the Empire in the reign of the late Queen Victoria. It was captured from the Arabs in 1839 by a force consisting of two gunboats, 300 European and 400 Native troops, who bombarded and took the place by assault with a loss of 15 killed on the British side and 150 killed and wounded on that of the Arabs. The barren rocks surrounding an extinct volcanic crater, the absence of all vegetation, the infinitesimal rainfall, the burning tropic sun, the white sandy desert

stretching into the interior of Arabia, all combine to inspire the traveller with a feeling of awe and desolation not easily effaced. But it would be difficult to imagine a greater contrast to the everyday dreary aspect of the town and harbour than that presented on November 27th, the occasion of the visit of



THE LANDING AT ADEN.

Their Imperial Majesties the King Emperor and Queen Empress. For days, even weeks beforehand, the inhabitants of Aden of all nationalities, races and creeds had vied with one another in their efforts to celebrate in a manner befitting the occasion the honour about to be paid them, and by the morning of the 27th the whole town had been transformed into a blaze of variegated colours. From every house hung gaudy festoons, whilst streaming banners, ensigns and flags bearing mottos expressing loyalty and welcome glittered in the sunshine. Scattered throughout the decorations were myriads of little glass howls of all colours (intended for the evening illuminations) which sparkled in the sunlight. The holiday garb of Aden was not confined



PRESENTATIONS AT ADEN.

to the shore, for, in common with the flagstaffs on the promontories overlooking the sea, the harbour too was gay with bunting. All ships were gaily dressed, as were also the cruisers Cochrane, Natal and Defence (part of the Royal escort), which arrived in advance of the Medina and were anchored just outside the harbour.

News was received by telegram in the early morning that the Medina had passed Perim at 2 a.m., but it was not until 9-30 that the signal flags hoisted on the flagstaff showed that she had been sighted. In a very short time

many people had collected on the tops of the hills overlooking the sea, and with field glasses and telescopes eagerly scanned the horizon where the funnels of two ships could be seen. By 10 o'clock the ships were near enough to be distinguished and identified as the Medina escorted by H. M. S. Argyll. As they approached the harbour, the Cochrane, Natal and Defence manned ship and their guns thundered forth the Royal salute. This was scarcely finished before the Medina reached the two buoys, which marked the entrance of the outer harbour; it was the signal to the Battery on shore to commence the shore salute. The stalwart Royal Artillery Gunners

immediately responded and 101 guns burst forth in homage and welcome as the Royal vessel, flying the Admiralty flag at the fore, the Royal standard at the main, and the Union Jack at the mizzen, steamed slowly to her anchorage in the inner harbour, receiving salutes as she passed from H. M.'s ships anchored there. As soon as the Medina had anchored General Bell, the Resident, proceeded on board and the King Emperor honoured him by then and there creating him a Knight Commander of the Royal Victorian Order, a distinction greatly appreciated by the whole community of Aden, of which General Bell is not only the Military but also the Civil head.



M. S. COCHRAN.

*Topical.*

Their Majesties remained on board the Medina till after lunch. The Prince of Wales's Pier, at which they were to land in the afternoon, was named after the late King Edward VII, when he visited Aden on his way to India in 1876. The pavilion on the Pier was brightly decorated and surrounding it, forming three sides of a square, was a glittering military array. On the one side was drawn

up the King's escort of the Aden troop, four deep, with its horses, camels and swarthy-bearded khaki-clad troopers; on the other the band of the 1st Lincolnshire Regiment, while connecting the two and facing the landing stage stood the guard-of-honour of the 1st Lincolns, all in white with colours flying in the centre. Punctually at 3-15 p.m. the salute burst forth from the shore battery and from the guns of H. M.'s ships in harbour showing that Their Majesties had left the Medina, and five minutes later the launch arrived at the landing stage where the King Emperor and the Queen Empress set foot ashore for the first time since their departure from England. As Their Majesties alighted at the Pier the band struck up the National Anthem, Officers saluted, Civilians uncovered and the long line of troops presented arms. It was indeed a



H. M. S. NATAL.

*Topical.*



*Ernest Brooks.*

ON BOARD THE MEDINA : THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF TECK.

thrilling scene, an historic moment not likely to be forgotten by any of those who witnessed it. His Imperial Majesty, looking bronzed after his long sea voyage, wore the white uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet; the Queen Empress a beautiful dress of pale-blue *crêpe de Chine*, trimmed with guipure veiled in chiffon, and a hat trimmed with cream feathers. After the military and civil officers had been presented and the guard of honour inspected, Their Majesties entered the Royal carriage, and, followed by their suite, drove round the Crescent to the reception hall escorted by a Captain's escort of the Aden troop.



MOUNTED GUARD OF HONOUR AT ADEN.

*Ernest Brooks*

The Crescent forms the frontage of the town and faces a bay of the inner harbour. In the centre is a fine bronze statue of Her late Majesty Queen Victoria. At this spot stood the Reception Pavilion, a large oblong building with domed roof upheld by scarlet pillars and capable of seating five hundred people. All the houses along the route were beautifully decorated and hung with banners bearing words of loyal welcome. But the chief decoration of a town is its populace and it is the people which must have impressed Their Majesties. Here was presented in little a mixture of races and creeds that did not fall far short of that to be

observed in the bazars of India, with this difference that the Aden crowd has a far larger admixture of African elements than any that can be seen in Hindostan. It would be impossible to describe in any detail the composition of such a crowd. Even ethnologically the task is peculiarly hard. For not all these men were subjects of the Emperor whom they greeted with an enthusiasm which might be rivalled but could hardly be excelled in India. There were a few of the Arab tribesmen the Abdalis, the Fadhlis, the Yaffais and so on with whose Chiefs and peoples Aden has many dealings and negotiations. There were the African tribesmen shock-headed Somalis, of a barbaric type but more comely than the Swahilis, Daunkalis from round the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, Nubians, Abyssinians, Greeks, Armenians, Soudanese and Bedouins, and there were, in addition to a scattering of Turks, Egyptians and Persians, representatives of those Indian races that have helped so materially in developing Aden since 1839. These Indians Parsis, Borahs, Khojahs, Memons and Hindus of many castes take the place to-day of those merchants who traded "in all sorts, in blue clothes and brodered work, in chests of rich apparel, bound with cords, and made of cedar" in the Eden mentioned in the book of Ezekiel which some savants identify with Aden.



H. M. S. ARGYLE

*Capital*

Never had Aden seen such a crowd before. The streets were thronged and the hills made gay with the gorgeous colouring of the peoples who swarmed over them to see Their Majesties. It was at this point that one most clearly realised that one was on the outskirts of the Indian Empire, for the Oriental aspects of pageantry were just appearing. The route was lined by Indian troops, the crowd of spectators was almost purely Oriental, resplendent in those gay robes which happily Fashion



H. M. DEFENCE.

*Capital*



has not been able to oust ; and the escort was a Captain's escort of the Aden troop with a standard. This last element in the scene greatly contributed to its Eastern picturesqueness, for the sowars in front of the Royal carriage were mounted on horses, those behind on camels. In effect this was Their Majesties' first re-introduction to the real East, and until they once more went aboard the Medina they were presented with one view after another fully in keeping with the picturesque note given by the camel sowars. As Their Majesties passed through the Triumphal Arch at the corner of the Crescent,



ADEN : WAITING FOR THE KING.

*Ernest Bickel*

the National Anthem in Gujarati was sung by children of the Government Gujarati schools. At the Queen's statue, His Majesty stopped to inspect the guard of honour provided by the 108th Infantry and was then conducted by the Resident to the dais in the Reception Pavilion. Here were assembled all the officials, representatives of the various communities of Aden and Arab Chiefs from the interior of Arabia, and from that number there were presented to His Majesty Mr. Hormusji Cowasji Dinshaw, President of the Reception Committee, and eight members of the

Committee. The President read a brief address which assured His Majesty that the cherished ambition of the people of Aden was to prove themselves "worthy subjects of your Imperial Majesties, and each one of us shall use our individual and highest endeavour by our devotion and loyalty to assist the British Empire to grow stronger and become solidified with the march of years." To this His Majesty was pleased to reply in these terms :

I thank you on behalf of the Queen-Empress and myself for your loyal address and for the hearty welcome which the community of Aden has extended to us. No more fitting spot could have been chosen on which to give expression to these sentiments of personal attachment and devotion than here beneath the statue of my beloved grandmother Queen Victoria.

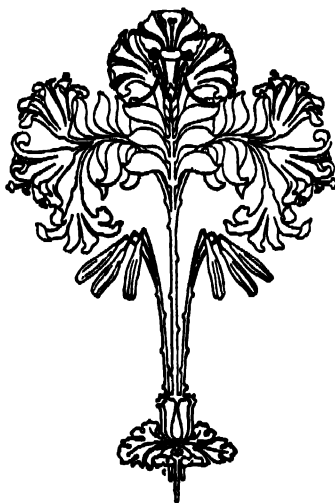
It is a source of sincere pleasure to us to revisit your famous port and to assure ourselves of its continued progress and prosperity.

Situated on the threshold of India and forming a connecting link between Great Britain and Australia, Aden is an object of peculiar interest to the whole of the British Empire, and the responsibilities which you, as citizens of the Empire, are called upon to assume, become year by year of increasing importance. I have learnt with great satisfaction of the steady expansion of your trade, and I trust that the investigations which are now in course of completion will give you the improved and adequate water-supply upon which your health and well-being so largely depend. The reclamations which have been made upon the sea-face will afford space which you require for the development of your town, and I rejoice at the decision to reserve a portion of them for a recreation ground.

We thank you for your good wishes and prayers on our behalf, and you may rest assured that we shall ever feel the warmest interest in your welfare and prosperity.

The route from the Crescent to the Residency, a distance of a mile and a half, was lined by the troops of the garrison behind whom stood dense masses of enthusiastic spectators. Hailed with cheers, and at the Union Club by a number of schoolboys who sang an Arabic hymn of praise and welcome, Their Majesties passed through these scenes to the Residency, where they received the officers of the garrison and the principal members of Aden Society. Here there was a pleasing episode when Mr. Menahim

Messir, the head of the Jewish community, presented to Her Majesty a beautiful white ostrich feather boa, and a collection of the most exquisite ostrich feathers as a gift for Princess Mary. When the evening-breeze had tempered the sun-baked air, Their Majesties returned to the Medina by the same route and their ship weighed anchor at six o'clock. It had been hoped that the King and Queen would remain in Aden long enough to witness the illuminations and fireworks, but the possibility of their meeting a strong head-wind, with an adverse current, made it necessary for them to sail as early as possible.





H.E. SIR GEORGE SYDENHAM CLARKE. G.C.S.I., G.C.M.G., G.C.I.E., F.R.S.,  
GOVERNOR OF BOMBAY.

## CHAPTER III.

### *The Gateway of India.*

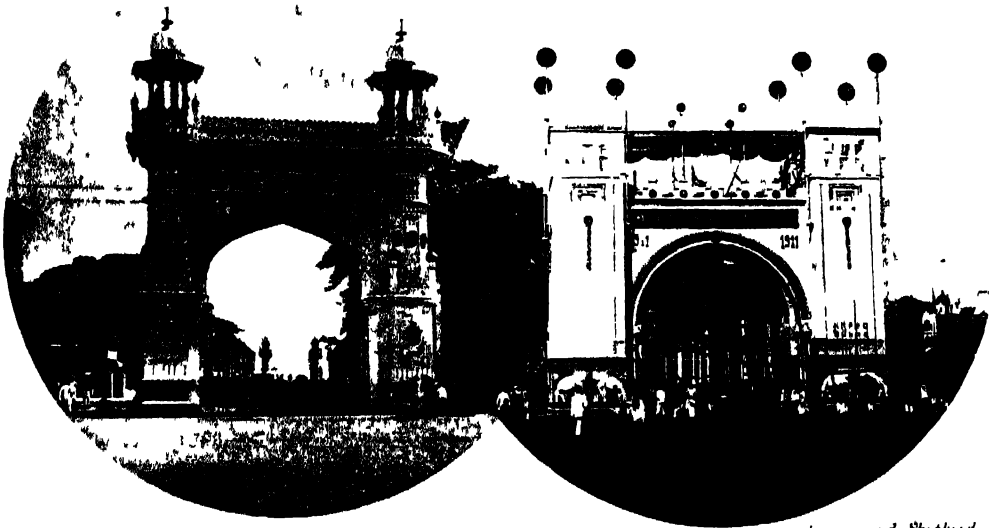
ARRIVAL AT BOMBAY—THE GATEWAY CITY—THE IMPORTANCE OF BOMBAY—JOYOUS PREPARATIONS—THE LANDING OF THE KING—WELCOME BY THE CIVIC CORPORATION—HIS MAJESTY'S GRACIOUS REPLY—DRIVE THROUGH THE CITY—SCENES IN THE NATIVE TOWN—A SERENE KINGLY PROGRESS—THE CITY AT NIGHT—A CARNIVAL OF LIGHT—ENORMOUS CONCOURSE OF PEOPLE—THEIR EXEMPLARY BEHAVIOUR.

*December 2nd, 1911.*



**A** CLOUDLESS sky, the sea rippled into laughter by the slightest of breezes, and a heat haze that hung low on the water and dimmed the hills of the mainland. That was what one saw in the early morning of Saturday, looking seaward from the Apollo Bandar, the seaward gate of India, for the coming of the King Emperor; and, even before the firing at eight o'clock of the three guns which signalled that H. M. S. Medina was sighted, the sun had acquired a strength which was a sure promise of great heat to come. There was little to relieve the prospect and the dazzling glare of the water. The fishing boats and native craft, which at this time of year so picturesquely adorn this most beautiful of harbours, were not allowed within the area to be crossed by the Royal ship; there was an absence of all that fuss and bustling that one associates with a busy port; and as the time passed by it seemed incredible that the three guns which had so confidently been explained as a signal did in reality mean that the ship had been sighted. From a cloud of smoke on the horizon gradually emerged a steamer which was soon seen to be anything but what all were looking for; then more smoke and through glasses the practised eye could discern that this at last was the long-looked for ship—the signal guns of an hour ago were right enough.

In all India none made preparation to greet the King and Queen more joyously than Bombay. Delhi could rightly claim to be the scene of the Imperial Durbar. Calcutta, as the seat of the Government of India, absorbed a larger share of the Emperor's limited time. But none could challenge the title of Bombay to be the first to receive the Emperor of United India. Standing in the midst of a western seaboard which possesses no other great natural harbour and in close touch with the most productive districts of the country, the fortunes of the city are broad based on unshakeable geographical advantages. They are buttressed by a population composed of the most acute trading races of the East. Parsis, Baniyas, Khojas and Bhattias,

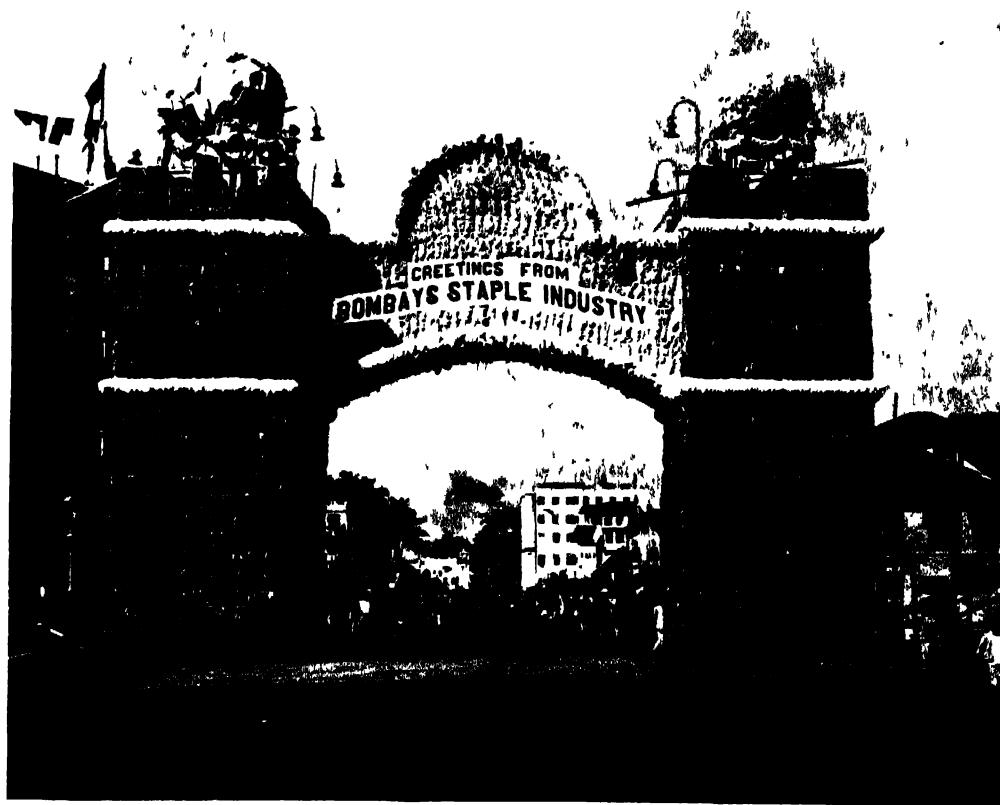


THE SAKINIK ARCH

THE PARS ARCH

inspired by the example of Englishmen, have here united to make this one of the great cities of the world, justifying in a remarkable degree the prescience of the Viceroy of Goa who declared that India will be lost on the day when the English nation is settled in Bombay—then a collection of mean islets separated by swamps. Here too the significance of the Royal visit was recognised from the day when it was announced : it was seen that the event was one of profound Imperial significance, a demonstration to the peoples of the land, and to the wider Empire of which it forms a great and splendid part, made in the most conspicuous manner possible, that that not only is India indissolubly one with the far flung Dominions of the Crown, but has a great and special place in the responsibilities of the Royal House. The citizens of

Bombay can also claim, with better right than any other part of India, to be a united people. Not that there are no differences, racial, communal, religious and sectarian amongst its million inhabitants, but because when occasion arises they are brushed aside like an impalpable cobweb and all act as one enterprising homogeneous body. Commerce has proved a wonderful solvent, and the influence of the Parsis, free from caste restrictions



THE COTTON ARCH ON THE ROYAL ROUTE.

*Flourist and Shepherd*

and religious bigotry, standing between Englishman and Indian, has welded all far more closely than has been practicable elsewhere in Asia.

Animated by this spirit, the generosity of the citizens furnished abundant funds for the decoration of the city. Perhaps for the first time we found in India a city decorated on a co-ordinate plan, which should at the same time preserve a definitely Indian character. The keynote was discerned on the Apollo Bandar, where a pavilion in the Saracenic style, so dazzling



HIS HIGHNESS THE AGA KHAN, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E.



white that it might have been made of porcelain, was erected for the reception of the King and Queen, and fronting it an amphitheatre which stood in much the same relation to the pavilion as in the Greek theatre the stage did to the auditorium. The avenue between the two, where were massed the guards of honour, was made gay with tall pillars surmounted by gilded lions, copies of those by Alfred Stevens which are now in Chancery Lane guarding the gloomy precincts of the Law Society. From the Bandar through the first part of the modern town the decorative scheme was Saracenic, with a fine triumphal arch, the road bordered by minaret-like pillars surmounted by gilded domes, and bearing bannerets, some with the Royal monogram, others adorned with eastern symbols—the swastika and the trident. Objection was taken that these pillars were un-Indian, but as a matter of fact they might be traced back to the Vedic period, when the elaborate rights of the Brahmans called forth the highest skill of the decorative craftsman. There is a passage in the Ramayana, the great Hindu epic, which might be quoted in support of this.

Twenty and one those stakes in all,  
Each one and twenty cubits tall ;  
And one and twenty ribbons there  
Hung on the pillars, bright and fair.

\* \* \* \*

Thus decked, they cast a glory forth  
Like the great saints who star the North.

The Saracenic scheme ended, bearing in mind all that Bombay owes to the Parsis there was erected an arch modelled on the entrance gateway to Sargon's palace of Khorsabad, one of the best known Assyrian palaces. Its massive walls were typical of the buildings which had to protect the inmates against the great heat of Mesopotamia, and surmounting the whole were raised gilt discs, symbols of the sun in its glory. The Parsi arch passed, small towers in the Hindu style carried the route to the native town, which

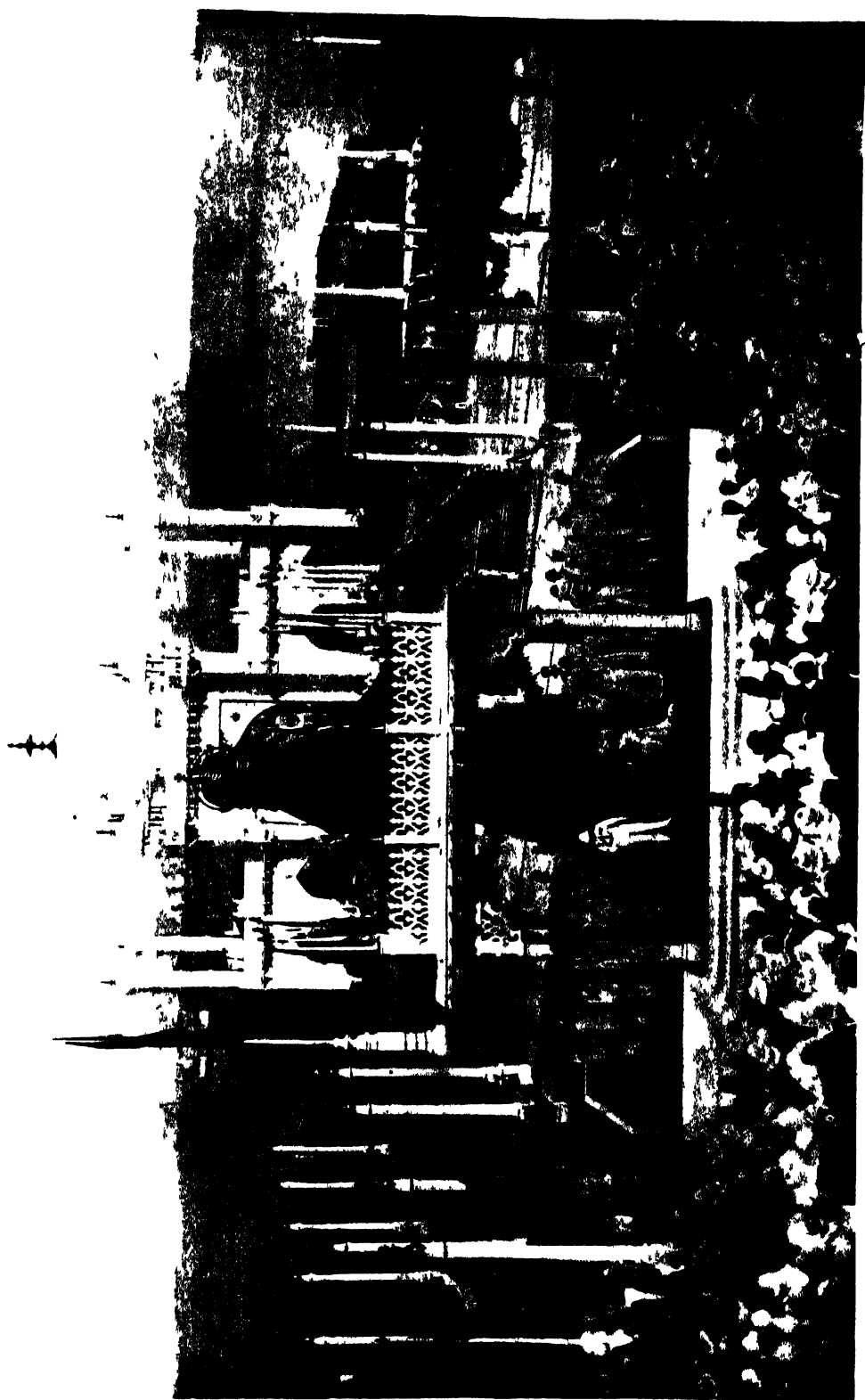


LANDING AT BOMBAY.

*Bourne and Shepherd.*

was wisely left to the efforts of its own people : these carved facades and painted balconies demand no other decoration than the people themselves in their parti-coloured draperies. But in the Mahomedan quarter were reared pillars which closely resembled the minarets of the neighbouring mosques, with a pendant baldachino of green and yellow. Then in Sandhurst Road, named after a former Governor of Bombay—one of those broad thoroughfares cut by the Improvement Trust in order to open up the most congested parts of the city—was the cotton arch, consisting of square pillars of pressed cotton bales surmounted by a white dome of cotton joined by a superstructure so devised as to appear to be made of solid roll cotton, typifying the staple industry of a city where more than twelve million pounds sterling are invested in the textile manufactures. The Goans too here erected an arch at their own expense, a seemly tribute to the memory of a departed Empire and a reminder to His Imperial Majesty that there are many amongst his subjects who claim Portuguese descent. When the processional route left Sandhurst Road for Queen's Road it quitted commercial and industrial Bombay for the city beautiful, the sweeping road which fringes the curved sapphire bay which is the scenic glory of the Island. The glorious avenue of trees which shaded this road needed no adornment. The success of this striking scheme of decoration owed everything to the genius of Mr. G. W. Wittet, the Consulting Architect to the Bombay Government, who handled difficulties of an almost insuperable character with admirable results.

This was the city in its holiday garb. It was soon after half past nine that the sound of the first gun of the Imperial salute, fired by the Flagship and other warships in harbour, proclaimed to those on shore that the Medina was coming into harbour. As a fact she was at that time about three miles out from the Flagship, followed at short intervals by the four cruisers of the escort in single line ahead, but, steaming at a fair rate, she was soon clearly seen by the large crowd which had assembled on the site of the old saluting battery. The smoke of the guns blowing out to sea slightly obscured the view ; but the salute was soon over and it was a brave spectacle that was seen by the watchers on shore as the Royal ship took up her moorings. Simultaneously the ships of the escort all dropped anchor and were "dressed." H. M. S. Highflyer and other ships in harbour had been dressed since early morning, and manned from the start of the salute, and the dressing of the escort cruisers completed the gaiety of the scene as well as forming by its suddenness a very dramatic effect. An hour or so later the Bandar was enlivened by the appearance of a company of the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment, with their colours and the full band of the Regiment, to do duty as a guard-of-



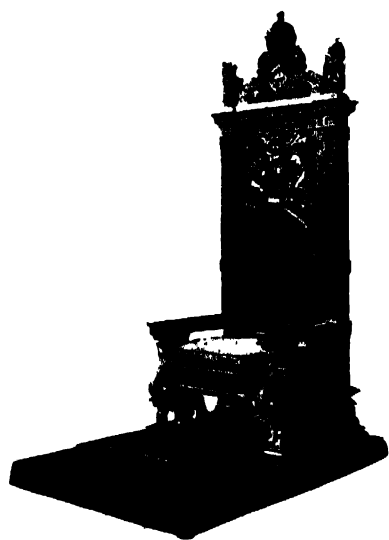
THE ARRIVAL SCENE AT THE APOLLO BANDER, BOMBAY

*Burns and Shepherd*

honour. Brigadier-General Grimston, His Majesty's Military Secretary, and his Staff had already left the Bandar for the Medina when His Excellency the Governor-General arrived with an escort of the 7th Dragoon Guards, in white, and the 26th Cavalry whose long blue tunics were a welcome patch of colour on the scene. His Excellency drove in an open carriage, shaded by a red umbrella, and was frequently and enthusiastically greeted as he passed, as also was His Excellency the Governor, Sir George Clarke, who arrived, with his Body-guard resplendent in scarlet and gold, about half an hour later. The Governor-General immediately embarked upon a motor launch, accompanied by Rear-Admiral Sir Edmond Warre Slade and Captain Lumsden, R.N., and went off to the Medina. H. E. the Governor followed in due course with the Chief Justice, Major-General Swann, C.B., and the Bishop of Bombay. No other visits were paid to Their Imperial Majesties during the morning, except by the Vicomte de Wrem, the Consul-General for Portugal and senior member of the Consular body, who took a bouquet of flowers to the Queen Empress.

By three o'clock in the afternoon the heat in the amphitheatre, of which but a small segment was in the shade, was intense, and as most of those who were sitting there were wearing clothes designed rather for effect than for comfort in a tropical climate, the discomfort of the long wait was considerable. Most of the members of the Municipal Corporation waited under the lee of the building and only took their seats at the last moment, but the greater part of the large attendance bravely sat on in the sun. What

breeze there was hardly fluttered the bannerets over the dais, and as it came over and from behind the amphitheatre it was of little relief to those sitting inside. In the front row on the right facing the dais were the Government House party and behind them a number of ladies. In front in the centre were a number of Sardars whose gay clothing imparted to the scene a little colour, and the effect of prodigality and sumptuousness which tradition associates with Eastern crowds. In the centre and farther back was a mass of white formed by the uniforms of a number of officers of the Royal Navy and the Royal Indian Marine, but the concourse as a whole was not distinguished by any oriental magnificence though the ladies' dresses prevented it from being anything but gay. The



*S. Narayan.*

THE KING'S THRONE.

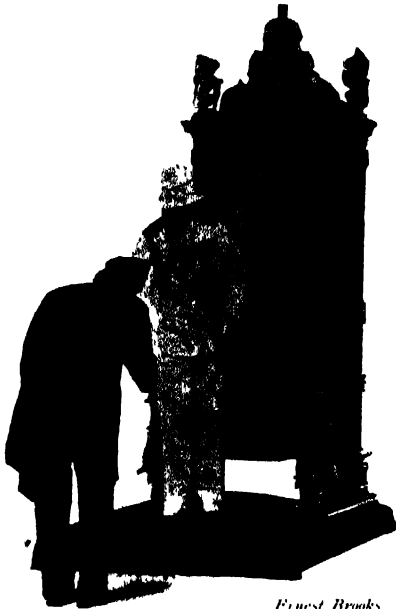


THE KING REPLYING TO THE ADDRESS OF WELCOME, BOMBAY.

*Ernest Reade*

wait, however, was relieved by a number of incidents which seemed to make the time pass more rapidly. H. E. the Governor arrived at 3-30, wearing a blue uniform, and about a quarter of an hour later came H. E. the Viceroy, in a white uniform crossed with the sash of the Star of India.

That Their Imperial Majesties had left the Medina was proclaimed by the firing of an Imperial salute, and the echoes, which reverberated round the harbour and re-echoed from the high buildings on shore, had hardly ceased when the Royal Standard was hoisted on the flagstaff, between the dais and the reception pavilion. In the latter building the presentations were at once made, so that for a few minutes Their Imperial Majesties could not be clearly seen by those in the amphitheatre. The presentations over and the Naval Guard-of-Honour having been inspected, Their Majesties, preceded and surrounded by their Staff and accompanied by H. E. the Viceroy and H. E. the Governor, advanced in a slow and stately procession to the dais, where they stood for some moments acknowledging the great burst of cheering that greeted them. The King Emperor wore the white uniform of an Admiral with the light blue ribbon of the Star of India across his shoulder, and the Queen Empress a brocade dress of biscuit colour relieved on the skirt with painted panels of flowers, the bodice being trimmed with handsome lace and crossed by the blue ribbon of the Order of the Garter. Her Majesty's hat was of straw, the crown being composed of a mass of many coloured flowers. It was the subject of much comment after Their Imperial Majesties had thus formally shown themselves to their people that both appeared to be in excellent health and undisguisedly pleased with the reception they were given.



*Ernest Brooks*

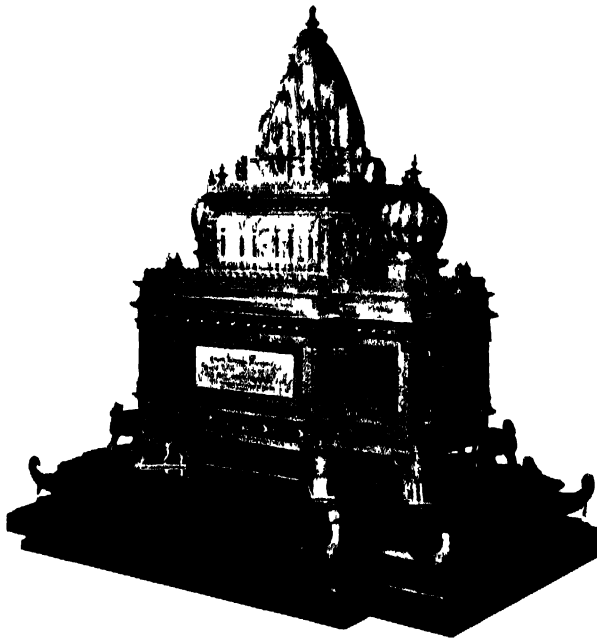
THE KING AND SIR P. M. MEHTA.

As the cheering died down Their Imperial Majesties took their seats on their throne chairs, H. E. the Viceroy standing at the King Emperor's right and H. E. the Governor at the left hand of the Queen Empress, the large Staffs in attendance being grouped immediately behind them. At a signal from Sir George Clarke, Sir Pherosha Mehta then went forward and from the foot of the dais steps slowly read, in a resonant voice audible in every part of the amphitheatre, the Municipal address, which



HIS HIGHNESS SIR SHAHU CHHATRAPATI, MAHARAJA OF KOLHAPUR,  
G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., G.C.V.O., LL.D.

laid stress on the special connection of Bombay with the Royal House of England. "The dower of a Royal Alliance," it said, "Bombay represents no chance settlement acquired by purchase from petty chiefs, or selected by merchants fugitive from other centres. Its importance and future greatness were foreseen by the sagacity of statesmen, and its acquisition by a Treaty of State constitutes the first intervention by the Royal Government of England in the administration of the land of India. We proudly claim that the high hopes entertained by the statesmen who acquired the Island and by the Governors who founded and administered the City have met with rich fulfil-



BOMBAY MUNICIPAL CASKET. *Graphic Union.*

ment, and that this city constitutes the strongest link between the civilization of the East and West, which it has ever been the aim of the British Government to weld into one harmonious system.

"We rejoice to think that Bombay is broad based upon the firmest of foundations in being united within itself and that the diverse races and classes whom we represent are actuated by a strong sense of common citizenship.

"In the gracious presence of Your Imperial Majesty the Queen Empress, the people of India, regarding Your Imperial Majesty as the lofty





HIS HIGHNESS THE MAHARAJAH OF BHAVANAGAR, K.C.S.



HIS HIGHNESS THE RAJ SAHIB OF  
DHRANGADHRA

embodiment of the highest ideals of womanhood, will recognise with renewed feelings of gratitude and affection Your interest in them, as evinced by this second visit to their shores."

To the great delight of all, and to the surprise of many who had not expected a verbal reply, the King Emperor then rose and in a clear voice delivered his reply. Frequently was the speech interrupted by bursts of cheers, particularly after the statement that one of His Majesty's first desires on ascending the throne was to revisit India and after the reference to Bombay as "a jewel of the British Crown." His Imperial Majesty said :

You have rightly said that I am no stranger among you, and I can heartily respond that I feel myself no stranger in your beautiful city. Six years ago I arrived indeed as a new comer ; but the recollection of your cordial and sympathetic greeting is still fresh in my memory. The wondrous aspect disclosed by the approach to your shores, the first glimpse of the palms, rising as it were from the bosom of the sea, have not been forgotten, and have lost none of their fascination for me. From Bombay I set forth in 1905, encouraged by your affectionate welcome, to traverse at any rate a part of this vast country, and to strive to gain some knowledge of its people. Such knowledge as I acquired could not but deepen my sympathy with all races and creeds, and when through the lamented death of my beloved father I was called to the Throne of my ancestors one of my first and most earnest desires was to revisit my good subjects in India.

It is with feelings of no common emotion that I find myself here again to-day with the Queen-Empress at my side and that desire fulfilled. And I come with a heart full of gratitude that the anxiety due to a threatened scarcity in certain areas of the Presidency has, thanks to favourable and opportune rains; been happily dispelled, and that there is every prospect of your land being blessed with a good spring harvest.

Your eloquent Address has recalled to me that Bombay was once the dowry of a British Queen. As such Humphrey Cook took it over two hundred and fifty years ago, a mere fishing village. You, gentlemen, and your forerunners, have made

it a jewel of the British Crown. I see again with joy the rich setting of its beautiful and stately buildings ; I note also the less conspicuous but also more profitable improvements lately effected ; but, above all, I recognise with pride your efforts to heighten what must always be the supreme lustre of such a jewel as this, the peace, happiness, and prosperity of all classes of the citizens.

From my heart I thank you for the generous reception accorded to the Queen Empress and myself to-day.

We earnestly pray that God's blessing may rest upon our Indian Empire and that peace and prosperity may be ever vouchsafed to its people.

The processional route was designed to show Their Majesties the threefold aspect of the city. First the modern city, which occupies the site of the original Fort, and came into existence when in the sixties Bartle Frere threw down the old walls and the wealth which poured into Western India from the high prices of cotton during the American Civil War found an outlet in the beautification of the town a quarter of wide streets and handsome buildings. Here there was a great intermingling of the races. Very few of the stands and very little of the roadside were occupied by the representatives of one race alone. English people of every class, Hindus, both men and women, Parsis, amongst whom brightly dressed women seemed to predominate, and Goanese were to be found. When the procession appeared, harbingered by the sound of distant cheering, the bands stationed at intervals played the National Anthem, flags were waved, hurrahs rang out. The people had seen the King. His Majesty saluted every few yards ; the Queen won all hearts by her smiling, gracious acknowledgments of the people's homage. All too soon the stately *cortège* with its escort of horse and guns thundered past : the popular gratification would have been greater if the pace had been slower, so that more than a passing glimpse was obtained of the occupants of the Royal carriage.

What a contrast there is as the broad roads of the Fort are left behind and we plunge into the native city ! Kalbadevi Road is always a busy thoroughfare where men rub shoulders with nearly every one of India's varied peoples. But the hum of business was quiet and in place of the talking, gesticulating and laughing week-day crowds, was to be seen a double line of khaki-clad Baluchis behind whom at regular intervals were the blue-uniformed

policemen. The richness and variety of the outlines of the narrow and curving streets running down to Pydhownie take hold of the imagination. The many-tinted houses, the colours, white, yellow and red, the luxurious carving lavished on the pillars of wood, the balconies, the rosettes of the windows and the architraves of the roofs made an effective picture to-day. This is more particularly a centre of the Hindu commercial community, but for the day the throb of business was quiet. The long lines of shops in which the sweetmeats are piled up in fantastic shapes and where the *banias* sell their baskets of pulse and grains had given place to little stands



*Hourne and Shepherd*

ROYAL PROCESSION PASSING THE MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS.

built up to the roofs from which a small but uninterrupted view could be obtained.

As one lifted the face upward a feast of colour met the eye on either hand. Brighter than the flowers were the Parsi women, whose brilliant-coloured silk robes hanging in graceful folds round their lissom figures were set off by the black coats of their men-folk. The advance of modern civilisation could easily be marked. Here and there could be noted a Parsi of the old school wearing his shiny black turban shaped like a cow's hoof, but the



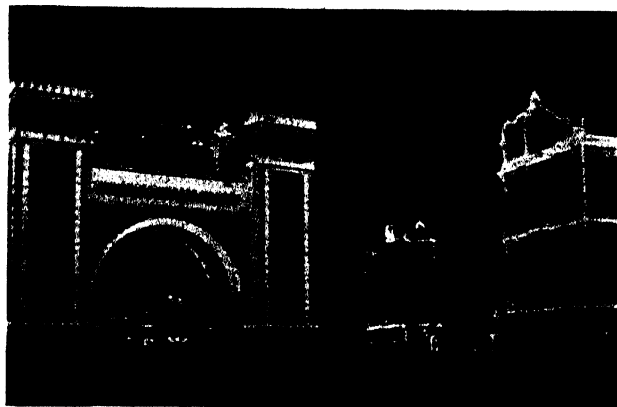
HIS HIGHNESS THE RAO OF CUTCH, G.C.I.E.

more modern Persian "bowler" as it may be called, and not a few purely European products were in evidence. In striking contrast to the Parsi ladies were the Hindu women in white robes and the invariable yellow marigold thrust coquettishly in their great coils of shiny black hair. Their men-folk seemed only mildly interested in comparison with the children whose little soft round faces showed their animation.

Half-way to Pydhownie stood the Hillai Bhattia Mahajandy pandal of red and white cloth crammed to overflowing with gaily dressed Hindus, while on the same side, a little further along, the line of houses was broken by the little Jain temple before whose gleaming doors of silver and brass was a surging mass of multi-coloured humanity. Vithalvadi was soon reached and this open space was crammed to overflowing with sightseers who had not had the good

fortune to be accommodated in stand, shop, or verandah. A merry holiday crowd too this was, but one which the police had no difficulty in restraining, save at the psychological moment when the cry arose "They come."

Around the Pydhownie police station there was an impressive spectacle. The flat-roofed houses in the vicinity must have held



ILLUMINATIONS : THE PARSİ ARCH.

thousands, while on the tops they were packed as close as may be. And the babel of tongues that arose at every quarter of the compass was bewildering in the extreme.

Along Bhendi Bazaar, the Moslem community showed their eagerness to welcome their Emperor and Empress. There was a greater display of enthusiasm here than at any other point, for the Moslem has always more verve about him than his graver Hindu friend. Here could be seen the grave Borahs, stout of person and dignified of mien, and their compatriots, in religion it is true but in all else how different, the hairy hillmen from the frontier, independent sons of Islam. At latticed windows could be seen veiled ladies peeping shyly at the animated scene beneath and at several points purdah arrangements had been made to provide fair ladies with an

opportunity to witness the fete, and incidentally to supply a touch of romance. We are reminded of the mutability of human things by the chanting of the mourners as a funeral emerges from one of the lanes that criss-cross the road. A moment's expostulation on the part of the police, but the white bier is hurriedly passed across the road and is lost to view and the dismal chanting dies gradually away.

Sandhurst Road was lined with children in stands almost from end to end, and far as the eye could reach was a forest of banners and flags carried in the hands of the little ones, and with these they made good play as Their Majesties, bowing and smiling their greetings to the future mothers and fathers of India, were carried swiftly past. As the Royal carriage appeared at the head of the broad thoroughfare there ensued a scene not readily to be forgotten, the children huzzaing lustily with all the power of their little lungs, and the dense crowd surging up to the outermost line of troops which kept the route. Thus was the Royal procession brought into Queen's Road. The shade of the interlacing trees was a grateful change from the city streets and the *cortège* proceeded uneventfully to the Apollo Bandar.

Their Majesties descended and the King Emperor at once inspected the guard-of-honour of the 2nd Norfolk Regiment which during his absence had relieved that furnished by the Naval Brigade ashore. Then the procession of the Staff was re-formed and Their Imperial Majesties first graciously bowing to the spectators in the amphitheatre left as they had come, walking at a slow pace to the reception pavilion and so back to the ship. There was still about half an hour of daylight left, so that the King Emperor and Queen Empress were aboard the Medina again before darkness came on; and by that time, the Viceroy and the Governor having taken their departure, the Apollo Bandar was filled with a large crowd of sightseers whose curiosity was rewarded by a sight of the illuminations on the ships in harbour.

What was passing in the minds of these masses of people as the procession clattered by? That is a question to which perhaps no Western mind can discern the answer. People who have passed through the streets of the city in several State processions must be conscious of one or two outstanding facts. One is that the Indian crowd preserves the same demeanour throughout the route. Another is that that demeanour never seems to be quite the same on two different occasions. What subtle variations of sentiment there are to cause these different impressions might be speculated upon almost endlessly, without, perhaps, the whole truth being reached.

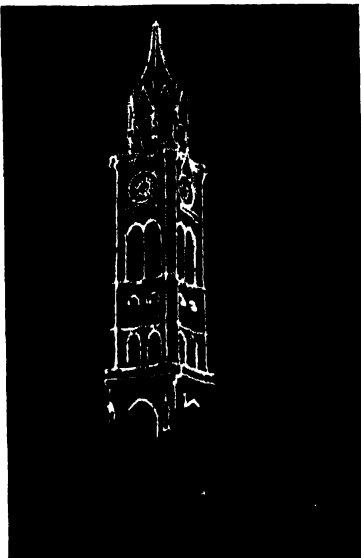




HIS HIGHNESS MIR IMAM BAKSH, KHAN OF KHAIRPUR, G.C.I.E.

It is said that an Eastern crowd never cheers. It certainly never does when Viceroys and Governors drive past. Such even hardly attract people out of doors. Yet, to everybody's astonishment, the people rose up and cheered merrily when the Prince of Wales came to Bombay. But to-day for the King Emperor they were again silent. Wonder and curiosity were uppermost in their faces rather than excitement or enthusiasm. One saw a missionary wielding a baton and stirring a standful of Indian children to their feet and to cheers. English youngsters would have been bubbling over, ready to do the best with their little lungs and to wave their flags as if the success of the day depended on them. These gazed at their instructor as though he were compelling them to do an impious thing. The high mightiness of their own Maharajahs is so ingrained in the ordinary Indian's mind that the notion of giving pleasure by cheering when the august potentate passes does not seem in the ordinary way to occur to them. Their idea is for splendidly robed chobdars to walk with reverential faces in front of the great ones and proclaim their exalted virtues to a humble and submissive people. Thus the last impression is like the first, that of a kingly progress, marked by that serenity and perfect decorum which seem so peculiarly the attributes of royal dignity under Eastern skies.

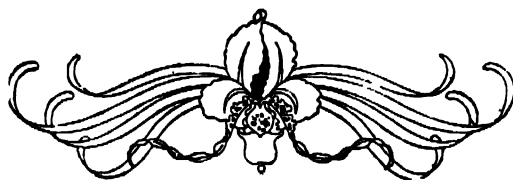
If the gathering of the people was impressive in the afternoon, it was doubly so at night. As soon as the sun sank below the horizon the city sprang into flame. The Medina and her escorting cruisers were outlined with fire. The reception pavilion and amphitheatre glowed with rose-coloured light. The great public and private buildings fronting the Oval and in Esplanade Road were etched with flame. Whilst their efforts were in many cases splendidly supplemented by private corporations and individuals, and most successfully by the Great Indian Peninsula Railway, the unsurpassed brilliancy of the Carnival of Light was due to the efforts of Government. Nothing more beautiful than the illumination of the public offices, overtopped by the Rajabai Tower rising from the sombre arborescence of the University Gardens like a pillar of fire, has ever been seen in this country, where the art of illumination is better understood than anywhere else in the world. But here again, even with this splendid



*Bourne and Shepherd*

RAJABAI TOWER ILLUMINATED

picture warm in our memories, it is more profitable to consider this riot of colour as a setting rather than as a whole. If the illuminations were amazing, the people who thronged to see them were still more amazing. This is not referring for the moment to those in motors and carriages, who slowly followed in unbroken lines the prescribed route, although to those who are always talking of the poverty of India the spectacle of this immense concourse of carriage-folk should give some food for thought, but to the humbler classes on foot. No one who walked from the Apollo Bunder to Crawford Market will ever lose the impression. The whole native town gave up its inhabitants and every district in the mofussil sent some of its people. Decent middle class business and professional men were there in their tens of thousands with their wives and children. Gaping rustics from the mofussil walked hand in hand in parties of three and four, with many a Wah! Wah! as each fresh splendour burst on their astonished vision. Officers and men from the Native Regiments in garrison clad in snowy white towered head and shoulders above the coolie and the artisan. And this great throng moved forward, with the unhurried gait of the East, uncontrolled, unhindered, unhustled. At some points where a diversion of traffic was necessary the police had to be active: elsewhere they left the people to themselves, and the sepoy posted here and there dozed tranquilly whilst the placid stream of human beings rolled calmly on. This confidence was justified, for a more decent and orderly, or a better behaved crowd never assembled in any city in the world. It will always stand out as one of the most vivid and impressive memories on the day of the coming of the King.



## CHAPTER IV.

### *Young India.*

THE DAY OF REST -LUNCHEON AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE—SERVICE AT THE CATHEDRAL—  
THEIR MAJESTIES AND THE CHILDREN—A MEMORABLE SCENE—INDIAN DANCES AND  
SONGS -A GREAT DAY FOR THE RISING GENERATION A VISIT TO THE EXHIBITION—  
LAST DAY IN BOMBAY—EXCURSION TO THE ELEPHANTA CAVES -CHARACTERISTICS OF  
THE ROCK TEMPLES—THE DEPARTURE—SCENES IN THE CITY—FIREWORKS FOR THE  
MULTITUDE—A GRACEFUL INCIDENT -THE KING AND MR. DADABHAI NAOROJI—A  
CHARMING LETTER.

*December 4.*



SUNDAY, in accordance with the invariable custom of the King and Queen, was observed as a day of almost complete rest. Landing at the Apollo Bunder at one o'clock, they motored to Government House, Malabar Point, where a small party had the honour of meeting them at lunch. Standing on a rocky promontory thrust into the Western sea, the cold weather residence of the Governors of Bombay is magnificently situated : only the buildings themselves, a scattered collection of insignificant summer-houses, are unworthy of the site. The grounds of this pleasance, with their wealth of arborescence and gay flowers, the tide beating softly on the jagged rocks and the tinkle of the temples of Walkeshwar borne upon the breeze, formed a perfect setting for the informal gathering of the afternoon. Here Their Majesties revived many memories of their visit to Bombay in 1905. They stayed at Malabar Point during the days when they discharged a busy round of official duties. In another respect the circumstances of six years before were recalled. Owing to some unhappy influence the climate of Bombay always seems to be at its worst on ceremonial occasions. When Their Majesties came here in November 1905, the

damp enervating heat was exhausting to a degree, and left the Prince and Princess and their Staff worn out by the time they left for Indore. In December we expect the dry land breezes to make life tolerable ; but this year they have gone astray and the heat again is most depressing. With reason may Her Majesty recall her apophthegm that in all her travels in the British Empire she has experienced no normal weather.

After a brief rest on the Medina, Their Majesties again landed in the early evening and drove in state to attend Divine service in the Cathedral Church of St. Thomas. This is one of the few remaining links which bind Bombay with the days of John Company and the early Factors. For it was in 1675 that the Directors proposed the building of a church where all might gather for public worship, instead of in the Hall of the Castle, and forty years later, after a stout chaplain, Master Richard Cobbe, had rebuked the irreligious spirit of the day, the church was consecrated. Nearly two centuries of Governors have worshipped within its walls, and such associations have gathered round these time-worn stones that no churchman would exchange their uncompromising plainness for a modern cathedral, however beautiful. Here, to a great congregation, the Lord Bishop preached on England's duty to India.

To-day was the children's day, and they held high revel in the Exhibition erected on the Bombay maidan to celebrate the Royal Visit.

There is a favourite expression of Mr. Pepys that is the only fit description to apply to the great concourse of children that was massed on the Maidan ; it was "as pretty a sight as ever I saw." Twenty-six thousand children in their best clothes, and all happy ! It was a sight that one would go far to see, and that one will long remember. They began to assemble before the violet grey mists of dawn had disappeared and they continued to arrive in little companies up till about 8-30, and as they came each company was directed to its allotted position—some in the Stadium where the seats formed a semi-circular background to the picture, others on each side of the avenue left clear for the King's carriage to drive from the Gymkhana into the Exhibition. It was a fine piece of organisation this. Mr. Cadell and his Committee seem to have acquired the Pied Piper's facility for leading children where they will, but with what patience and labour they acquired that knack they only know : however, their weeks of drudgery were fruitful of a splendid result. As the assembled host waited there was no lack of entertainment for them. A military band played to them, and four pipers of the Cameron High-

landers delighted them with their magnificence and their music. Occasionally as the day grew older there was a false alarm that the King was coming, and the arrival of H. E. the Governor and Lady Clarke was the signal for a cheer which started near the gateway, gradually spread over the whole mass, and finally developed into a paroxysm of cheering that lasted for several minutes.

As the Royal Procession drove on to the ground by the Gymkhana gateway, the cheers of the children again broke out with renewed force and were maintained for so long that the singing of "God Save the King," in



*Burns and Shepherd*

#### CHILDREN'S DAY : THE GARBI DANCE.

English, was almost inaudible until near the close. This unrehearsed effect was probably unavoidable, as the problem of enforcing silence on so large a gathering of excited children was too difficult to face. But during the singing of the Gujarati Anthem, the cheers, except in the Stadium, had subsided though occasionally they were heard again, and the Bombay Volunteer Rifles band in the road outside seemed to wish to join in and started playing loudly as the guard-of-honour marched away. The singers, however, did not seem to mind these disconcerting noises and continued with great *sang froid*. The



HIS HIGHNESS THE THAKORE SAHEB OF LIMBDI.

representatives of the different languages took up the tale in turn, first English, then Gujarati, Marathi and Urdu. The Mahomedan boys who sang last had the best opportunity, if they were not the most tuneful songsters ; and their gay clothes, smiling faces, and attitude of prayer added greatly to the effect of their song which already lacked nothing in volume.

While this singing was going on the children in the background in addition to cheering waved the flags with which most of them had been provided. The flags in most cases were blue ensigns, on which were portraits of the King and Queen, and the appearance of these thousands of uplifted flags was very remarkable. The children in their dense masses and groups of colour were like what gardeners call "carpet bedding," but when their flags appeared the floral nature of the scene was more clearly defined than ever. It was like a sheet of bluebells as one sees them on a late spring morning in an English copse ruffled with the wind. Here and there a white ensign gleamed a speck of white, like a wood anemone half strangled in its growth by the stouter wild hyacinth. And all this mass of gorgeous colour was constantly in motion swaying backwards and forwards, rippling and flowing before the eyes of the dazzled onlooker.

After the National Anthem had thus been sung in many tongues came the singing and dancing of the Garbi. The Garbi, which is sung on various auspicious occasions, and by Hindus at Devali in particular, is a comparatively modern form of dance. The earliest record of the kind of verse sung during that dance is said to occur in the works of a Gujarati poet named Valabh Bhat, who flourished about 1790 ; and from the fact that he was rather a disreputable character, it is surmised that the singers of his songs were of the lowest class of Bhils and Kolis, or that he got the idea from them. That, however, does not matter much. Whatever were the origin and esoteric meaning of the Garbi it is now eminently a dance for *la jeune fille*. It has nothing in common with the nautch or with the *bayaderes* admired by Loti ; it has even escaped being influenced by the fashionable Russian dances. On the Maidan it was performed by 230 girls of the Gujarati communities, grouped in three concentric circles. The first circle consisted of 120 Parsi girls, the second of 60 Hindu girls, and the third of about 50 Hindu and Parsi girls. And somewhere in that wheeling vortex too, it is said, was one Mahomedan girl. Was she there one wonders as a champion of feminism, or as one protesting against the Islamic ban on dancing and music ! The writer cannot say for he was unable to detect her among her many companions ; but it is pleasant to think that this little female Paladin was there.





HIS HIGHNESS THE RANA SAHEB OF POREBANDAR

The form of the dance defies description. It is first of all a song to which the dancing and gestures are subsidiary. And the song is a song of triumph, of welcome, and of blessing. In part it runs something like this :—

“ May India's King Emperor George live long and enjoy prosperity in  
 “ company with the Queen Empress Mary ! Your brilliance shines in all  
 “ places where the sun's rays penetrate like Indra. May your position remain  
 “ as firm as the Meru mountain. Bow your heads to India's King George  
 “ and Queen Mary. Sing in unison the auspicious song. Friends let us enjoy  
 “ the happy pleasure ; a blessed occasion has come. May your journey be  
 “ successful and may all calamities pass away. Let your triumph spread more  
 “ and more every time in the world. May you be triumphant on your throne.”  
 For the singing of that sentiment an immense amount of energy is required. The circles wheel and turn, hands are uplifted and gracefully waved in benediction, one gesticulation succeeds another, and one movement another. Now the dance seems modelled on the Lancers or on Plaiting the Maypole, as the girls go in and out of the chain ; and now it seems to be derived from what one supposes to have been the evolutions of a Greek chorus circling with stately tread round the altar of Dionysus. It is a swirling mass of colour as the girls turn and bend clapping their hands in rhythmic beat. Some of them carry bright, shining lotas which glitter in the sun. One regrets only that their feet are not bare, but uniformity at least is obtained by wearing shoes to which many are ill accustomed.

The dance ended, the damsels withdrew and the symbols round which they had danced were removed. In the Stadium a display of daylight fireworks, more noisy than spectacular, was begun and Their Majesties and suite drove through the crowds of children into the Exhibition. Here they were conducted by Mr. Shapurji Broacha, Chairman of the Committee, and the Secretaries, to the Loan Exhibits. His Majesty expressed himself as extremely interested in the collection and the Queen took special interest in a model of Princess Street, which as Princess of Wales she declared open six years ago. The old books and pictures and furniture in the Loan Exhibit building were inspected with much interest and then were shown to His Majesty the two large plaster models of Bombay island— one as it was in 1672 when Bombay was still seven islands, and the other as it is at the present day. The King Emperor was graciously pleased to accept a replica in silver gilt of the former model.

Their Majesties and suite then entered their carriages and the procession went to the Bandar *via* Waudhy Road and returned aboard the Medina.

After the departure of the Royal visitors the Exhibition was thrown open to the school children.

This afternoon Their Majesties were able to pay the visit to the historic rock caves of Elephanta, on the other side of the harbour, which had to be omitted from their programme when they came here as Prince and Princess of Wales, owing to the length of the official programme and the exhausting character of the weather. In antiquarian and architectural interest Elephanta cannot vie with the great rock temples at Ellora, where the grand Kailas is one of the wonders of the world, or even with the caves of Ajanta and Kenheri. Nor are they of any great age, for they date no farther back than the eighth century, and the softness of the stone out of which they were hewn and the iconoclasm of the Portuguese have destroyed much of the beauty which they originally possessed. But owing to their accessibility they are more generally visited than any other rock temples in India and the great Trimurti, depicting the Hindu trinity--Brahma the Creator, Vishnu the Preserver, and Siva the Destroyer--reveals the greatness of conception and dignity of execution to which the Hindu chisellers could rise. This was the only engagement of the day, and was followed by the departure from Bombay to Delhi.

The scenes which sped the King and Queen were brilliant in more respects than one. The City again flamed into light. It was a pretty sight indeed which met the Royal launch as it steamed across the water to the landing place. The night was perfect. The light haze which hung over the water was just stirred by the breeze. The moon was full, right overhead, and bathed every object in silvery rays. Away in the Harbour the Medina and her escort scintillated with light. Then on shore the brilliant illuminations made the streets glow with light and colour, and lit up the expectant faces of those who were crowded along the route to see the King and Queen pass. Through these gay scenes the Royal carriage, with a Captain's escort of British and Indian cavalry, moved at a brisk trot to the station, where the farewells were said, and just before



*Johnston and Hoffman.*  
THE QUEEN'S SALOON IN THE ROYAL TRAIN.

eleven o'clock the train steamed out of the terminus to Delhi. Meantime the people were enjoying a display of fireworks in Back Bay, which, with its wide foreshore, provided space for hundreds of thousands of all classes of citizens to witness what always appeals to the Indian, a wonderful exhibition of pyrotechnics.

This closed the Royal Visit to Bombay. One incident, however, deserves to be recorded. Of all Indian publicists, none is held in greater esteem than Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji. Many differ strongly from his political opinions and manner of expressing them, but all unite in admiration for the purity of his life and the singleness of his character. After a busy life Mr. Naoroji is passing the autumn of his days in retirement at Varsova, on the outskirts of Bombay. He wrote to His Excellency the Governor of Bombay :—

Your Excellency,—May I request you to give the following from me to Their Gracious Majesties the King Emperor and Queen Mary on their arrival in Bombay ?

I was born in the middle of the reign of His Majesty King George IV. After 86 years I have the supreme happiness to hail and welcome most heartily to my dear Mother Country Your Gracious Majesties the King Emperor George V and Queen Empress Mary.

In reply Sir George Clarke sent the following :—

Dear Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji,—I have great pleasure in sending you this expression of Their Majesties' appreciation of your kindly message—

H.M.S. Medina,

BOMBAY, December 3.

Dear Sir,—The King Emperor and Queen Empress were much gratified to receive your words of welcome to India contained in your letter of the 30th November to His Excellency the Governor of Bombay, and I am commanded to express to you Their Imperial Majesties' best thanks for these kind sentiments.

Their Imperial Majesties were greatly touched by the hearty reception accorded to them yesterday by the people of Bombay.

The King Emperor and Queen Empress trust that you are in good health, and that your old age may be blessed with peace and happiness.

STAMFORDHAM.



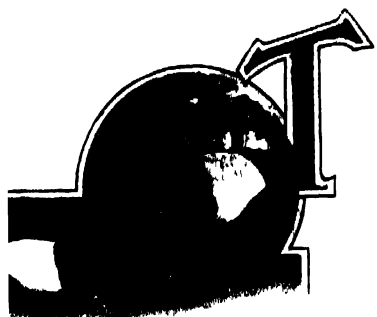


## CHAPTER V.

### *The Canvas City.*

PREPARATIONS AT DELHI—IMPROVED RAILWAYS—MEASURES AGAINST DUST THE DURBAR CITY—SCENE FROM THE RIDGE CHARACTERISTICS OF THE CAMPS—UNPARALLELED NEATNESS—RAIN AND MUD—THE KING'S CAMP—ITS BEAUTIFUL GARDENS—THE ROYAL SUITE—SIMPLICITY, NOT MAGNIFICENCE—GOVERNMENT OF INDIA CAMP—BOMBAY: A TYPICAL CAMP—THE PRINCES AND CHIEFS—SCOPE FOR INDIVIDUAL TASTE—THE KASHMIR CAMP—EXQUISITE SPECIMENS OF INDIGENOUS ART A GENERAL IMPRESSION.

*Delhi, November 17.*



HOSE who were present at the last great Durbar at Delhi seemed to carry away two dominating impressions—the appalling confusion on the railways and the dust. There is yet no disturbance of the smooth running on the railways serving the Imperial City—and there is no dust.

Now those whose affairs bring them to the Gateway City will appreciate the advantages of an alternative route to the North. In addition to the highly efficient service maintained by the Great Indian Peninsula Railway, the Bombay, Baroda & Central India have their own easy broad-gauge line by way of Nagda and Muttra. Slipping out of Colaba station at a comfortable hour after dinner, the smooth-running coaches turn off from Baroda at sunrise, pass over the Godhra-Baroda Chord to Rutlam, and then turning due North run through Eastern Rajputana and reach Delhi just when the sun has warmed the chill morning air. The route is short, there are no natural obstacles to be surmounted except a few big rivers, and the leisurely journey lands the traveller unjaded at his destination. There are some who rail at the restricted space of the corridor train and sigh for the spacious isolation of the box compartment; but when they have learnt to value the privilege of a bath and unrestricted access to the refreshment car, they will hang on the nearest lamp-post the man who proposes to abolish the corridor. But all

the carrying power in the world is of little avail without terminal facilities. Quick to recognise this, the Railway Board have established a broad-gauge station in the heart of the Durbar encampment, available for all the railways, with subordinate stations to serve other important centres : they have constructed at Shukurpur a huge marshalling and stabling depôt, and they have built a narrow gauge railway which threads in and out of the whole Durbar area. We are not likely to witness a repetition of the events of 1903 when men went hungry to bed whilst their stores rotted unclaimed in heaps by the rail-side.

There will be no dust. The roads of Delhi have an unsurpassed dust-raising power. The creamy flour lies thick on crown and camber, a passing mule train or a tonga is sufficient to raise a cloud of acrid, pungent, choking dust. Now the Durbar has necessitated the construction of many miles of new road during a season when the short rainfall made the engineer's task of exceeding difficulty. And this is to be the motor Durbar. "My Lord the Elephant," with regrets which can only be expressed by those who have seen these regal beasts in their gorgeous trappings, has no place : his role has been usurped by what Mr. Dooley calls "the forty horse-power suffer-little-children." With a thousand motors let loose on an unprotected Delhi, it would not be The White City or The Canvas City, but The City of Dreadful Dust. That peril has been removed by oiling all the roads which will be used by the King. Here all profitless comparisons between this Durbar and that which preceded it may end.



*Central News*

THE INDIAN "BOBBY."

And Delhi to-day ! It presents a picture which India alone could paint, and which India has never attempted on this scale before. Everyone who has made the Indian Grand Tour is familiar with the northern slope of the Ridge—the rude boulder-strewn ramp melting into the plain. In ordinary times our eyes naturally turn to the city, where the richest memories cluster. What memories they are—of Nicholson and Salkeld and Willoughby, of the Kashmir Gate and that wretched alley where the Lion of the North fell with pierced lung ! We rarely appreciate the importance of the ribbon road which runs North to Peshawar, threading its way through field and waste till earth meets sky. Yet this champaign, whose free-





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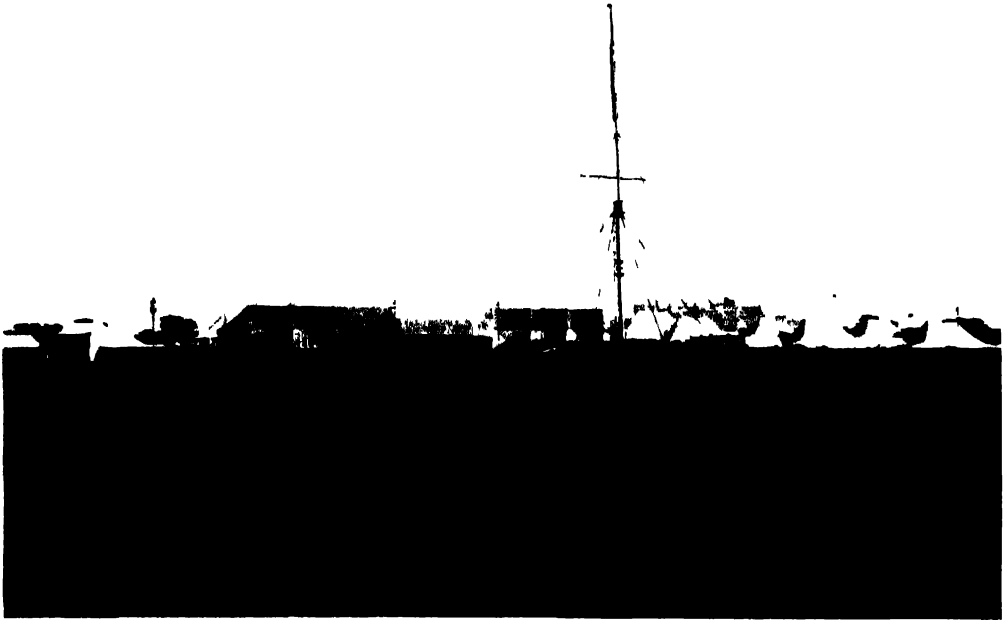
of the Illustrated London News

### BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE DURBAR ENCAMPMENT

(1) The Camel Corps (2) The Transport Corps (3) The M.P.'s Camp (4) The Foreign and Administration Camp (5) The Sappers and Miners (6) The Motor Garage (7) The Dairy Farm (8) The Commander-in-Chief's Camp (9) His Majesty's Escort (10) The Guards of Honour Regiment (11) Bluejackets and Marines (12) The Civil Veterinary Hospital (13) The Army Headquarters (14) The Post Office (15) The Government of India (16) The Flagstaff (17) The Tower in which the women and children were imprisoned at the time of the Mutiny (18) The Police (19) The Press (20) King Asoka's Pillar (21) The Chauburja Mosque (22) The Club (23) The Dufferin Bridge (24) Hamilton Road Station (25) The Kashmir Gate (26) St James's Church (27) The Imperial Memorial (28) The High School (29) The Selimgarh Ruins and (30) The Lahore Gate

dom was of priceless value to the gallant men who clung so tenaciously to the Ridge, is acquiring an historic importance of its own, though we miss the epic note. Here Queen Victoria was proclaimed Empress of India- a step whose immense significance is slowly being realized. Here Lord Curzon proclaimed to the people of India that King Edward had grasped the sceptre which fell from those trusted hands. Here His Majesty King George the Fifth will announce in person his Coronation to his Indian subjects. The ground is white with the tents of the great host which will assemble to receive him.

Viewed from the Observatory or any commanding point on The Ridge, the sight is one which no familiarity can stale. The khaki plain is obliterated



THE KING'S CAMP.

*Bourne and Shepherd*

ed. Field and fallow have alike disappeared. The boskage remains, but it is almost lost beneath the sea of snowy canvas which stretches as far as the eye can reach. In the foreground, grouped round the glistening Circuit House, are the tents for Their Majesties the King Emperor and Queen Empress, with the immense pavilion wherein their guests will gather for the Investiture and the Reception. In close proximity are the camps of the Provincial Rulers. The variegated camps of the Native Chiefs stretch in two serried ranks on both sides of Kingsway, Coronation Road and Prince's Road. In the far distance, beyond the Amphitheatre, stand the lines for the fifty thousand horse

and foot who will defile before their King on Review Day. Words can convey no idea of this glistering expanse as it sparkles under the noontide sun : it embraces an area of twenty-five square miles, and more than three miles separate the King's camp from the Durbar Amphitheatre. At sunset, when the quick-ebbing twilight of Northern India turns from a mellow haze to inky blackness, the plain bursts into a myriad of many-faceted lights. It is as if a million giant fire-flies had settled on the plain, each glowing with dainty, energetic, scintillating brilliancy. This is the new Delhi which has sprung into existence to greet the King. Far in the south is the Indian Appian Way, strewn with the ruins of the old Delhis till they merge into the great City of the Moghuls, mute emblems of the natural advantages which marked out this plain to be the heart of a mighty empire. The cloud of oily smoke belching from a score of chimneys tells us how even in the changed economic conditions of the day Imperial Delhi is holding her own. Here at our feet is the milk-white city whither the King Emperor will come, pledging by his presence the indissoluble union of India with the Britains beyond the Seas under the Crown.

Closer acquaintance gives the impression of unparalleled neatness. Kipling somewhere writes of the " awful tidiness " of England, a tidiness so impressive that it cowed the bold American journalist who proposed to tell of the appearance of the sea-serpent as a true story. Here there are many finishing touches to be added : where they are completed are the smoothest of smooth roads, the neatest of side-walks, and grass and flowers everywhere. The designers of the Durbar area have succeeded in producing in a very marked degree spaciousness without diffusion. Every camp has its great entrance courtyard, its grassy lawn caught up with beds of canvas and cosmos and chrysanthemums and its wide red drive, but the tents are compactly arranged, commonly in horns, of which the dining and reception marquees are the centre. In only two cases amongst the Provincial camps have departures from strict convention been observed. The Government of Eastern Bengal and Assam have touched the ridges of their State marquees with vivid scarlet and it is a pleasant break in this unending expanse of white. The Burmese Government have placed leogryphs sentinel at the portals of their camp, and at the moment Burmese artists are engaged in adding the touches of raw colour necessary to remind us of the entrance to the Shwe Dagon Pagoda. When the Amir came down to Landi Kotal some fertile genius conceived the idea of making his tents of broad red and white stripes. The effect of these in that yellow barren valley was amazingly fine. We lose a good deal by rigid adherence to unbroken white canvas, so much so that the eye dwells

pleasantly on the red and white kiosks which the Post Office have erected wherever they are wanted, yet one hesitates to suggest that the designer of each camp should be allowed to run riot with his own colour scheme. There is a safety in conventionality which only genius can successfully neglect, and we need not go far to learn that decorative genius is rare in India.

The general arrangement of the camps is extremely simple, once the main idea has been grasped. The key to the whole situation is the King's camp. This lies under the shadow of the Ridge and at the foot of the Flag-staff Tower : it is surrounded by those of the Government of India, the Central Provinces and the Punjab and the Commander-in-Chief. On the opposite side of the King's camp opens the Kingsway, a broad trunk road which skirts the



EASTERN BENGAL AND ASSAM CAMP.

*Bourne and Shepherd*

camps of the Governments of Bombay and Madras, passes many of the camps of the Native Chiefs until it reaches the Amphitheatre. The road runs round the Amphitheatre and then, as Prince's Road returns, traverses more camps of Native Chiefs, crosses the Mall, skirts the polo and football grounds—huge expanses of turf until it rejoins Kingsway between the Burma and Madras camps. That circuit embraces all notable points in the Durbar area. A branch from the Mall, Coronation Road, runs through the other Chiefs' camps. The Provincial camps lie between the Grand Trunk Road and the Western Jumna Canal. The principal military concentration is north and east of the Amphitheatre, and the review ground to the west.

For the past two days the clouds have been banking up, and the weather has grown more wintry and threatening. Early this morning the



HIS HIGHNESS THE NIZAM OF HYDRABAD, G.C.S.I.

rain began : it has continued ever since and there are no signs of its ceasing. Life in camp in wet weather is never a joy, and it needs a Mark Tapley to withstand its chill depressing influence. At the back of one's mind is the question "What if it rains whilst the King is here?" The programme is based on the assumption of fine weather. But this, like the telephone service, is one of the topics to avoid.

How many times has it been said that one of the greatest charms of India to the Englishman, bred in an uncertain clime, is the regularity of the weather? We know with almost mathematical precision when it will be fine, when it will be wet, and when it is likely to be doubtful. The experiences of the Durbar provide yet one more illustration that the exception proves the rule. There has been one long struggle against adverse conditions. First came the weakness of the monsoon. Then when the late rains had markedly improved the situation, a cyclone swept down upon Delhi, eleven inches of rain fell and much damage was wrought. Here it was the industrious apprentice who suffered and the idle one who benefited. Where the preparations were most advanced there the loss and inconvenience were greatest. Undismayed, the razed tents were re-erected, the soiled hangings replaced and work went gaily ahead. When November was reached then it was thought that all risk of another deluge had passed. The roads were finished and oiled, dainty draperies were arranged and those final touches which mean so much were added. But the busy workers reckoned without the eccentricities of even the Indian climate.

All last week a storm was blowing up and on Thursday night it broke in continuous rain. In a moment the whole atmosphere of the camp changed. The trim tents drooped and sagged, the roads, which on Thursday morning were perfection, degenerated into quagmires and life in camp became extremely moist and unpleasant. But worse was in store. Friday was persistently wet. Saturday broke fine but by noon the rain was again



SIR PERTAB SINGH. *Central News.*



THE ROYAL HERALDS, WITH THE STATE TRUMPETERS.

*Baltic Post*

descending in torrents. Late at night the heavens opened and down came a deluge. An Indian camp is never joyous when the weather is wet and this transcended a joke. At least one eminent Government official was discerned superintending engineering operations designed to prevent his camp from flooding. One prominent journalist was discovered in the small hours digging a mighty drain to divert the floods which swept through his tent- a diversion so successful that the torrent passed into the tent of a colleague who with much ado rescued a hat box and gun case from a perilous voyage to the Najafgarh cut. It was with dismal forebodings that men sought a restless couch to seek such repose as intruding streamlets permitted.



ARRIVAL OF THE NIZAM OF HYDRABAD.

*Central As.*

It was on a gloomy and bedraggled camp that the sun rose this morning. The roads ankle deep in mud, the paths scored with ruts, tents sodden : these were the universal signs of the storm. And it seemed every minute as if the experience would be repeated, for a lowering pall of watery vapour hung on the horizon. When men foregathered for breakfast there were dismal tales of damage and loss. The Viceroy's servants flooded out, the Provincial Camps of Bombay and Bengal feet under water, the beautifully oiled roads torn up by traffic, and personal discomforts in plenty ; these were the topics



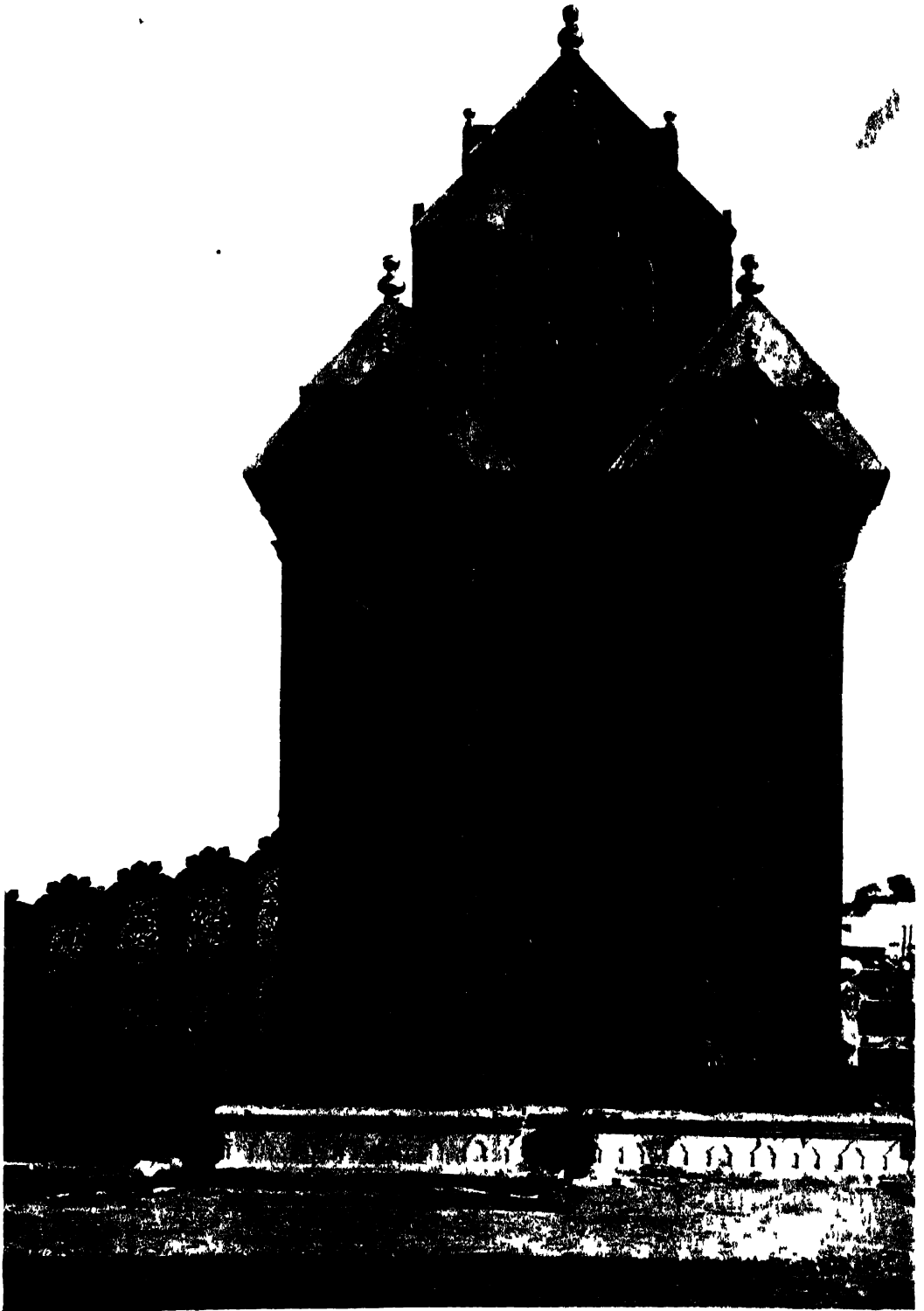
of the hour. Everyone's thoughts turned to the huge shamiana which forms a reception hall for Their Majesties' apartments, for in a storm the flat roof of a shamiana is just a rain trap. Soon, however, the sun burst through the watery clouds, a drying wind sprang up and the scene completely changed. Standing on the Ridge you could almost see the tents tighten their sagging folds and whiten in the sun like preening birds. The roads dried like magic, although they left sticky quagmires at the end of the camber, and by noon-tide the camp was as cheerful as if rain were a thing unknown.

When inquiries came to be made it was found that very little serious damage had been done. As a general rule it would be safe to say that the storm had marred the finishing touches rather than destroyed anything material. It is the hardest of luck that here again those whose preparations are most advanced are the greatest sufferers. A prolonged tour of the Royal Camp and those of the Governments of India and Bombay failed to reveal anything more serious than a good deal of dampness, a few spoiled hangings and a marring of that air of exquisite trimness discernible before the rain came. A few loads of laterite well rolled and a little energetic cleaning will restore it. On the low-lying ground away by the Amphitheatre the consequences of the storm were more unpleasant, but these camps are not in such an advanced state. The Durbar Amphitheatre is unharmed, although it stood this morning in an extensive lake. Curiously enough the most definite damage was wrought by fire, for the large dining tent in the Palanpur camp was burnt. The most permanent effect of the storm will probably be found in the roads, and as the traffic was never interrupted, the promise of a dustless Durbar may not be realised unless the surfaces are further treated.

The oldest inhabitant of Delhi has been resurrected to explain the meaning of this phenomenal weather. He assures us that not for thirty years has rain at this season of the year been known in Delhi. Also that when rain does come in November it usually recurs every ten days for some time. That is a cheerful prospect. It seems that this storm has rolled up from Persia and Baluchistan and disturbances from that quarter are not expected until after Christmas. Sir John Hewett and the Durbar Committee seem to have provided against every contingency except rain. Now a wet Durbar week is certainly one of the possibilities of the situation, and it is not a pleasant prospect. In a season as out of joint as this any climatic eccentricity may occur.

The memory of the oldest inhabitant is now being checked by the official records in order to ascertain the portent of the recent *November 20th.* storm. There are some grains of comfort in the knowledge that only once since 1879 has there been rain in the Durbar period. That was in 1894, when four inches fell in the ten days. One can find traces of a lingering grievance in the later knowledge that a storm which caused so much acute physical discomfort gave less than a inch of rain. Yet there is no arguing with the gauges, which showed no more than ninety-five cents. The real trouble was caused by the violence of the closing stages of the storm, the heaviest rain falling on sodden ground. Reports from the districts show that at Panipat, in the vicinity of the city, five inches of rain fell; if that had occurred in the Durbar area we might have looked for a rapid outbreak of insanity amongst Camp Officers. But a truce to the weather. The sun rose this morning on an encampment glistening with heavy dew; the air had just that bite in it which makes life a joy in the cold weather of Northern India; and a drying wind came to compete with the sun in the mud-banishing work accomplished yesterday. On such a morning what hypochondriac can think of rain?

Tent life is better understood in India than in any other part of the world; at Delhi this year it has reached its apogee. Sir John Hewett and his committee have enjoyed the immense advantage of the experience gained in 1903 on the same ground; they have been able to profit by its lessons and to supplement the resources then available by the extensive use of electricity and the motor car. Many of the Camps here stand for *le dernier cri* in Indian tent life. Foremost, of course, is the Camp of His Majesty the King. Regret has sometimes been expressed at the decision not to house Their Majesties in the Fort, and in many ways it would have been fitting that the King and Queen should reside in that splendid memorial of the taste and magnificence of Moghul rule. Yet there were many disadvantages in the plan. In the Fort Their Majesties would have been separated by several miles from the main encampment. Now they are surrounded by their feudatories and their liegemen. The Royal Camp stands in the gardens of the Circuit House, on a broad terrace carved out of the outer slope of the Ridge. The Royal Standard when raised will be visible from every part of the encampment. All roads lead to the Royal Pavilions, whither all thoughts will turn during the crowded hours of the Durbar. The same intimacy between the King and his people could not have been established if Their Majesties' apartments had been established within the warm sandstone walls of the Fort



*Burne and Shephera*

THE BEAUTIFUL ENTRANCE TO THE KASHMIR CAMP.

*and amongst the marble splendours of the Diwan-i-khas, however fitting in other respects the Fort as a Royal residence may be.*

It may seem paradoxical to say that the dominant characteristic of the King's camp is the garden. But in this dusty land of Ind, what can be more grateful to the eye than a smooth expanse of shaven turf, unless it be a sheet of water? The main approach to the camp is the Kingsway; how much we owe to the clerk in the office of the London County Council, who revived that Augustan and most expressive word! If the whole range of colour had been searched for a suitable foreground for the white tents, no artist could have selected a better than the close-cropped lawn and the red laterite road. Arrived at the open entrance, the road debouches upon an immense pomegranate-shaped expanse of the crispest turf, from the centre of which, standing amid a graceful rockery, rises the tall flagstaff which will bear the Royal Standard of England. The road bifurcates at the entrance, and passes round the *place verte* in graceful sweeps until it unites again in front of the entrance pavilion. There a broad flight of steps leads to the reception pavilion, a great rectangular shamiana whose pale blue roof and walls are upheld by pillars of white and gold. Here on the occasion of the Investiture and the Reception several thousand guests will assemble. A narrower flight of steps gives entrance to the State drawing room, almost equal in length to the reception pavilion, but narrow and decorated throughout in white and gold and soft pale blue. Light will be furnished by handsome cut glass electroliers. By yet another flight of steps access is gained to the State dining room, also in blue and white and gold, where on the night of the State banquet a hundred and sixty guests will have the honour of meeting Their Majesties. The installation of the State pavilions on an ascending slope adds immensely to the effectiveness of the King's camp as viewed from the main approach, for the snowy roofs are seen mounting, cloud upon cloud, till the final ridge touches the azure. The view from the broad walk fronting the pavilions is also one of great beauty. The ribbon road descends, past lawn and tent, till it turns right and left just where the crimson-tipped roofs of the Eastern Bengal Camp arrest it, and the eye roams over a wooded plain where, from any commanding point, the camps appear to be embowered in arborescence.

The Royal suite is on the right of the entrance, and although designed with a view to all the comfort tent life can give, is simple rather than magnificent. It consists of a triple row of tents, three deep, ascending, as do the State pavilions, the slope or the terrace until they reach the Circuit House,

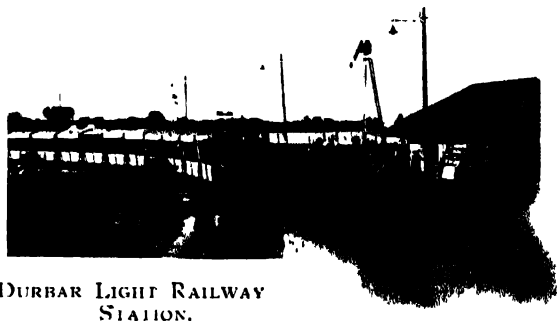


HIS HIGHNESS THE MAHARAJAH OF MYSORE, G.C.S.I.

which has been prepared for 'Their Majesties' accommodation in the event of the weather proving unfavourable. These canvas apartments are intercommunicable, warmed where necessary with fireplaces, and furnished with taste and comfort, but with restraint. On the opposite side of the State pavilions are the tents for Their Excellencies the Viceroy and Lady Hardinge. At either end of the broad walk, past lozenge-shaped lawns, the road continues until it meets Circuit House Road. On both sides of this extension are the tents for His Majesty's staff; the space behind the Circuit House is devoted to housing attendants and a multitude of other purposes. Exactly opposite the centre of the camp a short way leads from the King's camp to the Flag-staff Tower, and there joins the well known highway traversing the length of the Ridge until it descends what is called the Khyber Pass and joins the Alipur Road, re-named, as it traverses the Durbar area, the Mall.

Next in importance to the King's camp is that which will be occupied by the Government of India; as the Viceroy is officially the guest of His Majesty, there is no Viceregal camp. Whilst this immediately adjoins the King's Camp, its main frontage is on Imperial Avenue, parallel with Kingsway. The feature of the camp is the approach, running the whole length of a somewhat shallow plot, six hundred yards of red road and verdant turf, broken by flower beds and clumps of mustard just bursting into yellow flower. From this frontage the tents for the hundred and twenty guests, including the Members of the Viceroy's Executive Council and the Imperial Legislative Council, run on either side of short grassy avenues. It is a large camp, yet by a happy thought any suspicion of crowding was avoided by dividing the public rooms. There are two drawing rooms, one hung in pale blue and the other in *rouge-rose*. The dining rooms are three in number, the colour scheme of all being the rich warm red which psychologists tell us is the ideal colour for a *salle à manger*. The Members of the Executive Council have their private bridge and withdrawing rooms; and with billiard rooms and card rooms, such few idle hours as the crowded days of the Durbar period allow can scarcely hang heavily.

Of the Provincial Rulers' camps, we may take that of



DURBAR LIGHT RAILWAY  
STATION.



THE RAJPUTANA ARCH



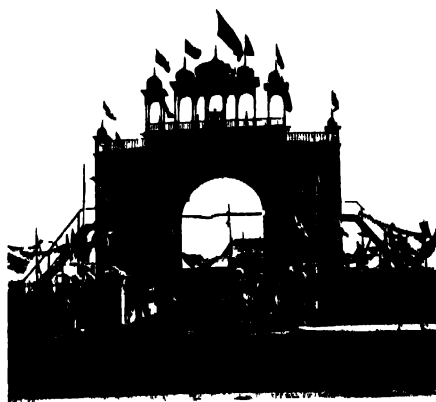
ENTRANCE TO JHIND CAMP.



ALWAR CAMP



GOVERNMENT OF INDIA CAMP



FARIDKOT CAMP.



*Central News*  
AN ORNATE PORTAL

His Excellency the Governor of Bombay as characteristic, because by common consent it is laid out with remarkable taste and skill. It occupies one of the best sites in Delhi, immediately outside of the King's Camp, with a narrow frontage on Kingsway, and has great depth which gives a total area of twenty-seven acres. Those who view these pleasant lawns and level roads now have little knowledge of the conditions which existed when sites were allotted early in the year. Then the Engineers took possession of an area of part cultivated land, part waste, a few babul trees, a fine tank and an open drain. The land was cleared and levelled, the drain diverted and the diversion covered in, the tank filled, and then the whole area plotted out. Entrance and exit portals with castellated pillars lead to the red road running through lawns on the frontage. It is difficult for us now, seeing turf and flowers everywhere, to appreciate the pains and labour involved in coaxing these pleasant growths during a deficient and erratic monsoon; but the result is its own reward. Down the centre of the camp runs the broad red main road, with lawns on either side and the tents of the visitors. About a third of the way up the road opens into a circus, a great circular lawn in the centre with the flagstaff, the principal tents standing on either side. On the left is the small asbestos bungalow for His Excellency the Governor and Lady Clarke—a wise precaution in view of the possible inclemencies of the weather. Facing the main drive are the reception rooms, the main dining tent designed to accommodate a hundred and twenty guests on the nights of the State dinners, the drawing, billiard, card and smoking rooms. Behind are the kitchens, stables, garage and servants' quarters. The floors of all the guests tents are boarded, securing at once warmth and dryness, and excellent arrangements have been made for heating them. The Bombay camp is arranged to accommodate ninety-five, and amongst His Excellency's guests are Lord and Lady Harris, who will find many in India who "keep kindness" for this popular Governor of Bombay, and His Highness the Aga Khan.

The arrangement of the Bombay camp may be regarded as characteristic, although, of course, each has to be adapted to the peculiarities of the site and shape of the plot. For instance, the Madras camp covers the segment of a circle facing Kingsway. It is fronted by an exceptionally spacious lawn. Eastern Bengal and Assam has a position of some prominence, because it occupies the triangular plot where Kingsway and Princes Road unite; the designers have responded nobly by erecting a camp whose red-ridged tents and square windows are a feature of the Durbar encampment.





HIS HIGHNESS THE GAEKWAR OF BARODA, G.C.S.I.

The camps of the Princes and Chiefs are ranged on either side of Kingsway, Coronation Road and Princes Road, the States, other than those in direct relation with the Government of India, being grouped territorially. Here individual taste was allowed free scope, yet whilst it furnished a great variety of style and plan, many of the Chiefs importing the characteristic architecture of their States, the camps are arranged with remarkable restraint and taste. By common consent, the palm is easily borne by Kashmir. This State is fortunate in the possession of an indigenous art; it is no less fortunate in the fact that it has preserved it. The arts of the State are employed to give the camp an entirely distinctive note of its own. It is fenced from the main road by a screen of the exquisite carved woodwork<sup>1</sup> for which Kashmir is famous. Divided into panels, this screen reproduces the flowers and the fruits of "The Happy Valley," the lotus and the bulrush, the vine, the apple and the chenar. Tall gates designed after the Kashmir Hindu style guard the main entrance, copied from the Pandu and Kuru temples, panelled in walnut carved in high relief, roofed with burnished copper that shines like molten gold in the sunlight. The guard room is a copy of the Snake Temple at Pendretton. Within the camp too nothing but Kashmir work finds place. The whole world is familiar with Kashmir shawl work, and all the State tents and shamianas are lined with this delicate and mellow fabric, relic unfortunately of a dying art. No alien note was allowed to creep in: from one camp at least the art of Tottenham Court Road and Chakla was banished, and here we have an Indian Chief housed, as indeed he should be, amidst the work and the art of his own people. In these camps the Princes are exercising much generous hospitality, both in inviting guests over the Durbar period and in general entertaining.

\* This carved work was designed and executed with a view to its being offered to His Majesty the King who was pleased to accept it. After the Durbar it was shipped to London.

## CHAPTER VI.

### *The Changing East.*

PREPARATIONS FOR THE ARRIVAL.—THE ENTRANCE TO DELHI. A HAPPY INSPIRATION.—THE ROUTE THROUGH THE CITY. IMPROVEMENTS IN THE FORT.—THE GARDENS TRANSFORMED.—THE MELA AND THE DARSHAN. CHANGES IN ASIA.—A MOTOR DURBAR. ELECTRICITY. UNIVERSAL. —RAILWAY FACILITIES. HOUSING THE GUESTS. A DAY OF DISASTER.—TWO SERIOUS FIRES.—RECEPTION PAVILION BURNT. —EXPLOSION OF FIREWORKS. —INCENDIARISM FEARED —FOUL-PLAY DISPROVED

*Delhi, November 23.*



THOSE who know the main station at Delhi must have wondered how a fitting State arrival and entrance could be devised. A mean and confused assembly of platforms, with a sordid brick façade in the most unimpressive manner of the engineer-architect, the station is a melancholy example of the utilitarian ugliness with which we have littered India. Twice in the early stages of the preparations His Excellency the Viceroy visited the scene to see if anything could be done; Sir John Hewett, with his keen sense of the fitness of things, must have been in despair. Then in a happy moment the inspiration came. Just outside the Fort, on the Ghaziabad side, is the Selimgarh station. It is little used, except for those who desire to visit the Fort, and cannot be known to one in a thousand visitors to Delhi. Why should not Their Majesties detrain at Selimgarh, march in procession through the Fort, and first appear to the people from one or another of the noble gateways which are the splendour and glory of the Fort? The suggestion had only to be made for everyone to realise its perfect appositeness. From the moment of their arrival until Their Majesties descend the Ridge to their camp, every yard of the processional route on the State entry will be on historic ground.